THE SOARING COST OF CAR INSURANCE

BY FRED BODSWORTH

NICHOLAS MONSARRAT

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MACLEAN'S

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MACLEAN'S NOVEMBER 1, 1953 VOLUME 66 NUMBER 21
CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

EDITORIAL

LABOR CAN AVOID BAD LAWS BY OBEYING GOOD LAWS

LABOR IS UNHAPPY about the Canadian Bar Association's suggestion that arbitration be made compulsory in labor disputes in essential industries. The Bar Association thinks the public needs protection against strikes that paralyze such services as electric power, transport, milk delivery and so on.

We don't blame labor unions for being suspicious of the recurrent attempts to make arbitration compulsory. This is a polite way of saying that strikes in these industries should be forbidden by law. When you forbid a man to strike, in effect you force him to work. Obviously such a law is not only difficult to enforce but one to be imposed with great reluctance.

But if labor really wants to discourage public sentiment in favor of no-strike legislation, there are better ways of doing it than issuing denunciations. Labor could take a bit more care to observe the law as it stands already. We don't mean the technical intricacies of provincial labor laws, either; we mean the common law against assault and wanton destruction.

On the same front page that reported the Canadian Bar Association's request for compulsory arbitration another story told of milk trucks overturned, their cargoes destroyed and their drivers manhandled by striking milkmen in Toronto. These, it turned out, were trucks taking milk to hospitals in accordance with a union agreement, but the strikers didn't wait to find that out.

Not long before, striking truck drivers in western Ontario had waylaid and beaten drivers who refused to strike. This kind of thuggery has become so commonplace in Canadian labor disputes that it no longer attracts much attention.

Nevertheless, we think the general public is getting tired of it.

There was a time, and it ended not so many years ago, when labor's defiance of the law found some excuse in the law itself. At first it was a criminal conspiracy to form a labor union at all. Thereafter, for more than a century, organized workers found themselves treated as suspects, if not convicts, by almost every agency of the law, and it's not altogether surprising that they developed a less-than-law-abiding tradition.

It was the belated realization of this injustice, in part, that built up that great reservoir of public support which is one of labor's greatest assets. Nowadays, and for fifteen years past, the average man's instinctive reaction to a labor dispute is sympathy with the workers.

But labor doesn't seem to realize that times have changed. The law is no longer hostile; if anything, the law now leans in the other direction, and tolerates behavior by striking workers which would not be tolerated in anyone else.

Strikers ought to remember that when they overturn trucks or beat up non-strikers they no longer resemble the Tolpuddle Martyrs, or the heroes of the Homestead strike of 1892. They just resemble a bunch of thugs.

Public opinion changes slowly. Labor has not yet lost the esteem it won during its long fight for legal recognition and equality before the law. But if that esteem is lost—and it could be if mob violence is allowed to continue—then labor will have lost an asset worth far more than any temporary gains that the violence itself may bring.

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MACLEAN-HUNTER PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED Founded in 1887 by John Bayne Maclean HORACE T. HUNTER Chairman of the Board FLOYD S. CHALMERS President DONALD F. HUNTER Vice-President and Managing Director THOMAS H. HOWSE Vice-President and Comptroller UNITED STATES: Maclean-Hunter Publishing Corporation, Guaranty Trust Bldg., Suite 617, 522 Fifth Ave., New York 36, 309 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago 6 GREAT BRITAIN: Maclean-Hunter Limited, Wellington House, 125 Strand, London W.C.2. Single copies 15c. Subscription prices: In Canada, 1 year $3.00, 2 years $5.00, 3 years $7.00, 5 years $10.00. Price for all other countries $4.50 per year. Authorized as Second Class Mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa.

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Manuscripts submitted to Maclean's must be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The publishers will exercise every care in handling material submitted but will not be responsible for the loss of any manuscript, drawing or photograph.

Printed and published semimonthly at Maclean-Hunter Publishing Company Limited, 1242 Peel Street, Montreal 2, Canada. Editorial, Circulation and Advertising Offices: 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Canada.

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London Letter

BY *Beverley Baxter*

More & More Rodgers & Hammerstein

I AM WRITING this on the eve of the first London production of The King and I, by Oscar Hammerstein and Richard Rodgers. Will that fabulous pair score yet another triumph or will this gentle piece of semi-oriental whimsey mark the turning point of their career?

Needless to say the production will be at our national theatre, Drury Lane. With the exception of a few weeks immediately after the war when Noel Coward had a bad flop with a devitalized musical comedy, the old firm of R and H have been in possession of Drury Lane for the last seven years.

I shall never forget the first night of Oklahoma! there. Naturally its spectacular run in New York had built up an immense renown and we went to our seats in the grand old theatre with more than a tingling of excitement. In truth the atmosphere was electric. The overture was applauded as if it were a masterpiece and even the dramatic critics forgot to look bored. As for the gallery they were in a mood to cheer if a cat walked out of the wings.

Then up went the curtain—on what? At the left side of the vast stage there was the corner of a tiny cottage and a motherly looking woman knitting. There was a huge back cloth of a vast plain—and nothing more. No chorus, no whirlpool of color, no dancers! Rodgers and Hammerstein had blasphemed against the strongest tradition of Drury Lane.

After a bit of dialogue a handsome young baritone cowboy — apparently the United States breeds no tenors — started to sing about the surrey with the fringe on top. Here in the orchestra was the clop-clop of horses' hooves. From the cellos came those haunting descending notes with their suggestion of unhurried twilight.

It is difficult after this long time to understand why we were so deeply moved. Perhaps it was because we had been besieged by war for five years and had seen the ruin of our cities and the weariness of mere existence. Then suddenly from the United States there had come this music story of a territory throbbing with life and moving to its new dignity as a state. In the senseless blasphemous vandalism of the long war years we had almost forgotten that anything ever grew.

Karsh photographs Hammerstein (left) and Rodgers. Will London stampede to see The King and I?

At the end of the show there were scenes that are still vivid in my memory. The ovation and the cheers went on and on; the young Americans on the stage wept unashamed. One musical number after another was repeated as if we were going to stay the night. The great old theatre with its memories had gone mad, but I think even the ghosts of the past would have approved. Oklahoma! had begun its three years' run.

It was not long after the opening that I went to New York and spoke at the Dutch Treat Club, a genial, off the record luncheon group composed principally of journalists and theatrical folk. When the luncheon was over I saw that two men were waiting to speak to me. One was a large, shy, rather untidy man looking like Dickens' Hefty Traddles and the other was a short slight man with the face of a calm solicitor. Probably they were from Canada or England and just wanted to renew acquaintance from some distant past.

"My name is Hammerstein," said the big fellow, "and this is Dick Rodgers." If he had said that he was Smith and that the other fellow was Bill Watson he could not have shown less bombast.

I intimated that the names were not wholly unfamiliar and recalled the opening night of Oklahoma! at Drury Lane. Hammerstein looked as pleased as a schoolboy, but Rodgers retained his silence.

"We were wondering," said Hammerstein, "if you would have time to see Allegro while you're

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BACKSTAGE at Ottawa

Public Works Drains Its Own Swamp

YOU WOULDN'T think so to look at it but it's a very different St. Laurent Government which will face the Twenty-Second Parliament this month. Appointment of one junior minister and transfer of another may not sound like much of a Cabinet shuffle but in fact it's a revolutionary change in Liberal Government organization.

Not to keep you in suspense any longer, the revolution took place when Hon. Robert H. Winters was moved to Public Works from Resources and Development. That may look like a logical move—Winters is one of the few professional engineers in public life and obviously qualified for the job—but that's just what made the appointment so unusual. Normally the Minister of Public Works knows a great deal about politics. Now, for the first time in human memory, he knows something about public works.

Public Works has been, in fact, the last surviving puddle of the great Dismal Swamp of politics and patronage which once engulfed the whole government service. There hasn't been an actual scandal in the department since the 1890s, when the notorious McGreevy affair exposed a nasty situation, but though old-fashioned graft was cleaned up, old-fashioned patronage was not. Public Works remained proverbial, in and out of the government service, for inefficiency and general ineptitude.

This was not the fault of the harried handful of competent civil servants trying to run the department. They had to work with the blunt instruments the politicians gave them, and as the years went by they got more and more discouraged and resigned to defeat.

To help correct this situation and improve the department's morale, Winters has taken with him his own deputy minister, Major General Hugh Young, former vice-president of Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation. If the team of Winters and Young can't make Public Works work, the Liberals will be inclined to claim it can't be done at all.

AWAY BACK last June, before the election campaign began, the Government sent out letters to various Canadian organizations (e.g., the Red Cross) asking them to nominate members to receive the Queen's Coronation Medal.

In Britain the whole operation took about a month—the medals were distributed early in July. In Canada they have finally gone out in the last few weeks after approximately four months of delay, and the officials responsible are heaving belated sighs of relief. As usual, royal honors turned out to be a bureaucratic headache.

The first cause of delay was the usual one. In many cases the organizations nominated more people than they were entitled to. Groups who'd been asked to name two people named four, and so on. This had been anticipated, and was dealt with firmly; letters went back saying there'd been some misunderstanding, only two medals were available and would the organization please name two people and not four. This exchange of correspondence took time.

When the nominations had been whittled down, though, it still turned out that someone's arithmetic had been faulty. At the Queen's own request the

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DRAIN IT! BUT CONFOUND IT MAN YOU'LL RUIN THE FISHING!
PATRONAGE

Cartoon by Grassick

Don't Let Snow Paralyze Community Life

Snowbound! This is a more serious situation today than ever before, because a community's life revolves more and more around the motor vehicle. Roads and streets must be kept open, there must be places to park—or the entire community is affected.

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Does Car Insurance Have To Cost So Much?

Canadians now pay almost as much to insure cars as to build highways for them, yet the major companies say they're still losing money. Here is an examination of the reasons — and a look at the controversial question of state insurance

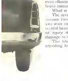
By FRED BODSWORTH

NOWHERE in the vast and complex Canadian business scene is there a commodity that is producing more grief, beefs and stomach ulcers than automobile insurance. The man who buys it is unhappy: since the war the rate he pays has nearly doubled until now the nation's annual bill is a hundred and fifty million dollars, almost as much as its annual bill for highway construction. The man who sells it, usually an independent agent working for himself in the role of retailer, is unhappy; his rate of commission has just been cut by a quarter. The companies that underwrite it in the role of wholesaler are unhappy; they're losing money on it, they claim, and can see no way of getting out from under without issuing a tacit invitation to governments to take over the whole insurance business, the profitable lines along with the lines that show red ink.

Consumer, agent and underwriter can't agree either on the root of the problem or its solution. (On one point the disagreement has become so violent that the Canadian Federation of Insurance Agents is demanding an investigation under the Combines Act to determine whether the underwriting companies have broken the law in acting together to knock down commissions.) But there's at least one point of view that's apparent to everyone: accident claims are soaring so fast that the customer's skyrocketing premiums can't keep up, even allowing for reduced profits or losses to the companies and lower commissions to the salesmen.

What is auto insurance? Why does it exist?

The moment you drive your car on to a public street you assume two sets of hazards. The first is damage or injury you may cause to your own car, yourself or passengers. The second hazard is that you may become responsible for the death or injury of a pedestrian or occupant of another car, or for damage to another vehicle.



The first hazard is a relatively minor one. Passengers traveling free cannot usually sue drivers for injuries, and if you wreck your own car you can probably get along without it for a time.

But that second hazard can turn the average driver into a slave. A moment's negligence may cause an accident in which one or more persons are killed. If th [illegible] man with dependent family, a court may order the man who caused the accident to pay medical and all immediate expenses and also what the victim might have expected to earn had he lived his normal span of life. Jury awards of fifty thousand dollars are not uncommon. Occasionally they go over one hundred thousand. Property and bank accounts can be confiscated and wages garnisheed for years until the claim is paid.

Insurance companies provide four different types of car insurance contracts. The biggest hazard, that of causing injury or death or damage to another vehicle, is covered by "public liability and property damage" policies. The policy always carries limits beyond which the company refuses to pay; the higher the limits, the higher the premium. Known as "standard limits" is the "five, ten and one" policy: up to five thousand dollars for liabilities incurred from death or injury of one person, up to ten thousand if more than one person is involved, and up to one thousand dollars for property damage. These limits can run up to the "hundred thousand dollar inclusive" policy which provides protection of a hundred thousand dollars for damages assessed in any one accident. This "PL and PD" policy, remember, doesn't cover the insured's own car or his own [illegible] protection against what he might do to another car or [illegible].

For his own car there are fire and theft policies which insure against practically everything that can happen to it except collision. Then there is collision insurance covering cost of damage to the motorist's own car which he himself caused. Collision insurance always carries a deductible clause to relieve insurance companies

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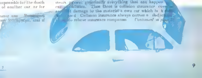


Kid In The Klondike

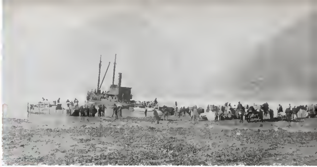
By BERT PARKER **PART ONE**

THE GOLDEN TRAIL OF HEARTBREAK

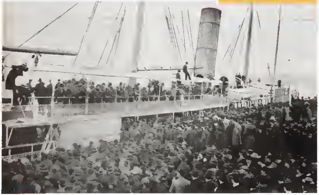
At eighteen this well-known pioneer survived the Trail of '98. Before he died fifty years later he set down his experiences as one of the chain of humans who breasted the mountain passes and drifted down the cold grey Yukon to seek an uncertain fortune in the fabulous Klondike

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

One of the best-known figures at International Sourdough Conventions for many years was Bert Parker (at left in photograph taken in Dawson City with an unidentified friend), whose story of early days in the Klondike, told in his own simple unpolished but forceful words, begins in this issue. In May 1948 Mr. Parker learned that he had cancer and would live only a few months. He decided to do two things. First, write the story of his experiences in the north; second, attend the sourdough's convention in Vancouver that August. He achieved both these objectives.



SKAGWAY: Everything a man needed to live and to hunt for gold was taken along, the trick was to find a place to pile it. Incoming prospectors discovered supplies could be had cheap from returning adventurers who had lost courage



SEATTLE: Ancient ships from all over the world converged on the west coast seaports of Canada and the United States to cash in on the clamor for transportation to the gold fields. Here the Australia starts north with a full load of fortune hunters

I AM going to tell you some untold tales of the Klondike. I have been advised by friends for years that I should give my version of the Great Stampede of '98 and as it is now fifty years since that great adventure took place, and as my time is drawing to a close I figure it is now or never.

Now I think that I had better submit my qualifications. I make no pretensions to being the youngest kid on the trail, but I was the youngest sans father, mother or guardian. And after I arrived in Dawson I became the youngest member of the Yukon Order of Pioneers.

I started to work when I was thirteen years old and never got into high school, so if my composition is a little shaky there's a reason.

In the summer of 1897 there was a noise that was heard all around the earth. A ship had come down from the north with a load of gold. She had arrived at Seattle and we heard from there that one of the greatest gold strikes of all time had been made at a place called the Klondike River. The Klondike was a small river flowing into the Yukon, which was in turn a large river flowing north through Yukon Territory and Alaska and emptying into the Bering Sea. This was all new country to me. The Klondike did not register and the maps did not even show it.

I do not think that anything ever happened on the face of this globe, aside from war, that was talked about as much or caused as much excitement as the discovery of gold on Bonanza Creek, a tributary of the Klondike, on Aug. 17, 1896, by George Carmack, Skookum Jim, Tagish Charlie, and the squaw who was along with them and who, I believe, was the one who actually made the discovery. Everyone with a drop of red blood in his veins was interested. It was said at the time that ten million wanted to go, one million actually made enquiries and preparations, and that well over one hundred thousand really left home and friends and started on the long trip north. About one third of that number finally got to the Klondike and I want to say right here that the ones who got there were well repaid even if they did not wash out an ounce of gold. I would not have missed it for anything.

I had saved up a couple of hundred dollars by the time the news of the strike reached me in Waterloo County, Ont., and I was mighty interested. We understood then that it required about five hundred dollars to make the trip. That the Mounties would not let anyone go into the country who did not have a year's outfit and that you had to take all your food in with you. That made it a little rough for me but there was a neighbor, a large, tough Scottish Canadian named Angus McIntosh, who was anxious to make the trip and wanted a good man for a partner. I was hardly eighteen at this time and weighed about one hundred and twenty pounds, but I was tough and he knew it. He agreed to make up what I was short and take me along with him as a partner. I was to pay him back when we struck it rich.

In February 1898 we left Guelph, Ont., on a colonist car for Vancouver. Our fare was twenty dollars each. We took a long time to decide which route we were going to take. Being Canadians we were strongly urged to take what was known as the "All Canadian Route." This one used Edmonton, Alta., as an outfitting depot and that city flooded eastern Canada with literature pointing out the

MORE PICTURES, STORY, NEXT TWO PAGES ▶▶

WHITE PASS: At Dead Horse Canyon on the steep trail to the Summit, first stage of the trail, three thousand horses fell over a precipice and died

"Thousands of men building boats, scows, anything that would float for the mad race down the river to Dawson"

advantages of the route. They also made a strong appeal to patriotism, something I was overstocked with at that time. We finally decided that it would be the Chilkoot or the White Pass with Vancouver as an outfitting post. When we got to Vancouver, we were strongly urged by more patriots to take another All Canadian Route by way of the Stikine River to Teslin Lake, then down the Teslin River into the Yukon. We were very lucky that we were not induced to take either of these routes.

When I stepped off the train at Vancouver it was into a new world. There were all kinds of boosters, some for hotels, some for merchants and some ready to tell you where you could spend an interesting evening. There were thousands like ourselves, a lot already dressed in the clothes they intended to wear over the trail and some of those clothes were something to behold. We went to a hotel (the rate was one dollar per day American Plan) and began compiling a list of things that we would need.

We finally purchased our outfit, and what an outfit it was! We had a revolver each, a rifle, long game creepers for climbing over the glaciers which we never used, and a lot of junk that was absolutely useless. We had a six-foot crosscut saw, a six-foot whipsaw to cut lumber for the boat, two pairs of ten-foot oars with oarlocks, oakum and pitch to caulk boat seams, nails, hammers, handsaws, planes and tools galore, and a window for our cabin. Practically everyone took a window, and I don't suppose that one in a hundred got to Dawson in one piece. Then we had our grub, starting with three hundred pounds of flour each, one hundred pounds of bacon, fifty pounds of ham, ditto salt pork for the beans and rice, dried potatoes, beans and vegetables which we could not eat when we got into the Klondike. We also bought butter which we could not eat; in fact we could not stay in the cabin with it once we opened the can. We bought tea and coffee, some cream and some sugar. We did not think that we would need much sugar or cream. This was the biggest mistake we made, for we found out that you need as much sugar as flour. We were out of sugar almost as soon as we arrived at our destination and it was impossible to buy any. Everybody made the same mistake.

We had decided to forgo the patriotic appeal of the All Canadian Routes and go in over the White Pass. We had to make arrangements to get to Skagway, a town that was getting considerable notoriety at this time, due to the machinations of one Soapy Smith whom we were warned to steer clear of. In fact we were informed that our course from Vancouver to the gold fields would be beset by thugs, confidence men and all kinds of people who would do anything for money — except work.

We finally arranged passage on a boat called the Ning Chow, a Chinese freighter brought across the Pacific to help to get the Argonauts on their way and incidentally make some money for her owners. She was one of the largest boats on the west coast. She was fitted up below decks with rough lumber bunks in tiers four high with just room between bunks for a big man to get in and turn around. She carried the largest passenger list of any ship that ever went up the Alaska coast. There were close to a thousand people on that boat, numerous horses, mules, jackasses and God knows how many dogs. A lot of the passengers and all of the dogs got seasick. The grub was awful and some of the passengers got fighting with the stewards, and one morning at breakfast a man from Texas was going to shoot the steward, but he didn't succeed.

Skagway when we reached it turned out to be a very primitive town and a very busy one. Everybody was on the make. The three wharves were all privately owned and you had to make arrangements with the owners' agents to have your supplies put on the wharf. And you had to get them off in a hurry to make room for other supplies that were arriving continually. There were all kinds of men there with all kinds of vehicles for hauling the freight from the wharf to the townsite; the thing to do was to find a place to pile it. There was not much danger of having it stolen because all kinds of supplies could be bought for next to nothing from men who had had enough of the Klondike and were on their way back home. There would have been a lot more in this category if they had had enough funds to make the return trip.

Skagway was a miserable-looking town, streets all mud and everybody out to make money, and believe me they were making it. Some of them were buying outfits from people who were giving up; thousands who started out never got their outfits over the trail. Many more were making money in the transportation business. There was a road of a kind put in from Skagway to the Summit of the White Pass and you could have your outfit put on the Summit if you were willing to pay the price. It was not very far, about fifteen miles if I remember correctly. The next haul was from the Summit to Log Cabin, roughly fifteen miles.

I had a look at Soapy Smith and I must confess that he was not a very dangerous-looking individual. He had a saloon and gambling house at that time and was doing well. I am not going to dwell upon his finish. He was killed in the summer of 1898 and it has been written up many times.

We got our supplies up to the Summit in due time. It was a hard trail, over three thousand feet rise in the fifteen miles, and it was a tough road. There was one place on the trail to the Summit called Dead Horse Canyon. The trail alongside this Canyon was very treacherous and three thousand horses fell off the road into the canyon and were killed. Mules and jackasses are much more surefooted than horses and were not so prone to fall.

I will never forget the night we got the last of our outfit up to the Summit. We were both very tired and rather than pitch our tent and get supper ready we went to a tent called "Charlie's Place." We had something to eat and we had no sooner finished than a blizzard started outside and it was almost impossible to stick your nose out of the tent without getting lost. We stood around for a while undecided as to what to do. There were about a dozen of us in the tent at the time. The tent was about fourteen by twenty feet, and there was a counter across the end of it opposite the entrance, which was at the front. This counter was about six feet from the back end and the stove and the rest of the paraphernalia necessary to conduct a primitive eating house were behind the counter.

Charlie finally suggested that we stay there for the night; he figured that way he would have a good crowd for breakfast. We agreed and the twelve of us lay down in a row. We were packed in like sardines in a can and it was impossible for one man to turn over unless we all turned. To make matters worse I was taken violently ill during the night and as it was considered very bad form to complain I just lay there and put in one of the most miserable nights of my life. In the morning when the gang started to stir I got up and, while the violent pains had ceased, I guess I must have looked pretty tough. A man came into the tent looking for his partner, saw that I was sick and asked me to share his tent until the storm was over. He was a man about forty years old, by the name of Marshall, with a small tent and a good supply of wood, which was very scarce on the Summit. We stayed in that tent for two days while the wind howled outside. There was nobody

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SUMMIT: Repeated hauls from Skagway were needed to get one man's supplies to the top. Snowstorms often buried the gear for days — or forever

LAKE LINDEMAN at the foot of Chilkoot Pass became a vast tent city in May 1898 as sourdoughs awaited ice breakup to float to Dawson

MILES CANYON brought disaster to many hopeful gold seekers, and Whitehorse Rapids further down also claimed many victims

WHAT IT TAKES TO BE AN IMPRESARIO

By McKenzie Porter

Koudriavtzeff works amid photos of stars whom he has cherished like a mother hen.

The former Russian aristocrat drives a tractor on his Quebec estate called Masuk. He grows flowers and throws big parties

Who gets Yehudi Menuhin his orange?

Who soothes Heifetz when they tamper with his Strad?

Who's rich today and broke tomorrow?

Why, Nicholas Koudriavtzeff, the Montreal showman who won't believe that Canadians don't want culture

THERE ARE two schools of thought about Nicholas Koudriavtzeff, the bulky, fifty-eight-year-old exiled Russian aristocrat who has been responsible for the appearance in Montreal of a long and notable procession of great artists. There are those who feel that he is the last of a dying race; there are others who insist that he is the forerunner of a new breed of showman.

Koudriavtzeff is an impresario, and that is a word whose connotations hark back to the days of Phineas Taylor Barnum. The dictionary simply defines the word as "a manager of concert parties," but a richer aura surrounds it, an aura compounded equally of visions of flowing opera cloaks, parties on the grand scale, temperamental virtuosos and vast sums of money lost and won.

Whether Koudriavtzeff is the last of an old race of Canadian impresarios or the forerunner of a new and sturdier breed remains to be seen. But there is no doubt that he fills all the qualifications, both legendary and real, and that at the moment at least he is unique in this country.

His silk hat, flowing opera cloak and silver topped cane make their appearance at every Montreal first night, and these together with his goatee beard, his love of gilt and red plush, his noble airs and his extravagant tastes identify him unmistakably as a survivor of the rococo Edwardian age.

His willingness to plunge deeply into financial waters follows a long and distinguished tradition in show business. Last May he lost forty thousand dollars on the Montreal presentation of the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York, the Boston Philharmonic Orchestra and the London Festival Ballet without turning a hair. Although he has lost a total amount of one hundred thousand dollars on his failures, his successes have, over the long haul, brought him a tidy profit. Indeed, not content with importing culture, he now proposes to export it. At the moment he is negotiating for the presentation in London and Paris of the Royal Winnipeg Ballet during the 1954-55 season.

To Koudriavtzeff a visiting orchestra, opera, ballet or concert artist is much more than a row of figures in a ledger. It is a production all its own to be heralded with pomp and ceremony and much flowing of vintage wine. His post-performance suppers, to which even members of the corps de ballet are carried off like trophies, mean big business to Montreal's cluster of intimate gourmet restaurants. As Mrs. Keith Hutchison, a wealthy sparkling Montreal widow says: "Things have reached such a pitch that it is almost social death to miss a Koudriavtzeff first night."

But such things are Continued on page 70

The [illegible] is one of the impresario's best financial bets, helps to offset deficits on [illegible] ballet

The impresario drops in on his wife's ballet school. A star pupil is now with the London Festival Ballet

On a sunny Sunday guests at Masuk (named after a much loved cat) watch informal ballet on the lawn. Koudriavtzeff, standing at left, treasures a vast collection of liqueurs.

Paul Mages of Canadian Concerts and Artists, Inc., salutes Mrs. Koudriavtzeff at a casual reception in ballet studio. Radio artiste Judith Gauvin looks on beaming. The studio is in an old converted barn.

Koudriavtzeffs gather gladioli at Masuk. They sell them to showplaces like the Ritz Carlton.

A MACLEAN'S NOVEL AWARD

the alien

CHAPTER FOUR

By W. O. MITCHELL

She's Special, That One . . .

With his promotion to Indian agent, Carlyle's problems grew. But so did his visions and his hopes. Who could lack for hope amid the quiet adventure of watching Victoria Rider growing up?

Grace had callers morning, afternoon and evening. They wanted liniment, mustard plasters, aspirin.

ILLUSTRATED BY BRUCE JOHNSON

THROUGHOUT his childhood and his early adult years Carlyle Sinclair had kept the fact that he was one-quarter Indian an uneasy secret. He had of course confessed it to his wife before their marriage and Grace had assured him it was neither a cause for self-consciousness nor for regret. But not until years later had he brought himself to make a public avowal of his blood; then, characteristically, he had followed up the announcement by accepting a job as principal at the Paradise Valley Reserve — "to teach my people." But teaching his people was a laborious and often discouraging task. They showed him much of their kindliness and dignity, but they showed him, too, much of their inertia and fatalism. He had literally to blackmail them into sending their children to school and to bully them out of letting their harvest rot while they trekked off en masse to a nearby rodeo.

IV

THERE HAD been many changes since Sheridan's retirement as agent; with determination and unflagging energy Carlyle had thrown himself into the role of agent and teacher combined, finding himself an astonishing variety of duties and routines. In the year since Sheridan had left he had come to appreciate the persistent and bewildering weight of a thousand dependent people with their tireless needs, their endless demands, problems and annoyances. Now he was teacher, judge, nurse and police; he found that he was called upon as mentor and magistrate and banker and minister.

Looking back over the first three years at Paradise he was not sure at what precise point he had resolved to become the head of the agency. Perhaps the determination had been born on the afternoon he had approached Mrs. Sheridan about the Indians' crop, or again when Mr. MacTaggart at the stampede had agreed to make the requested announcement that would send the Indians home. When he had gone to Mrs. Sheridan on their return from the town then, he had known quite clearly that it would be impossible for him to carry on as he had the first year, isolating himself from the rest of the reserve's administration and blindly confining himself to his school duties.

He had seen Mrs. Sheridan the next afternoon. Arthur had again been occupied with his afternoon nap. Mrs. Sheridan had told him this with a deliberate air that indicated she wished to speak with him alone; he sensed determination in her tone and an underlying note he could not recognize.

"He's asleep now," she said. "We'll talk here. No need to disturb him." Carlyle recognized the note: under the forcefulness lay a protective anxiety. "You got them back." Her small green eyes were unblinking. "I didn't think you would, but you did. If I know them, they still won't harvest their oats, but they had to come back. You won." She dropped her eyes to the table top. "Yes, you won. You know — her clear lovely voice

Continued on page 40

Among the incongruous products of Medicine Hat — which include cut flowers and bricks — is inventor Jonathan Caldwell's flapping wing flying machine.

Look What Comes Out Of THE HAT!

Even apart from its funny name, Medicine Hat, Alta., is unique. With a volatile climate that nourishes rattlesnakes and roses, it's an industrial cowtown in a prairie oasis that owes its prosperity to a bottomless pool of natural gas under its streets

By ROBERT COLLINS

PHOTOS BY MIKE KESTERTON

FOR TWO hundred miles southeast of Calgary the highway leads you past lonesome grain elevators, sun bleached Alberta villages and herds of white faced cattle on sprawling ranchland. Then, just when you feel you couldn't face another Hereford, you dip abruptly into a hidden oval valley cradling the South Saskatchewan River and a clean green city of seventeen and a half thousand people.

It's a strange dramatic site for a prairie city but then nothing's too surprising for Medicine Hat, an industrial cowtown with a freak climate, a fortune in natural gas under its streets and a name like nothing else on earth.

Oil and gas strikes are relatively new and exciting to other prairie communities. But for seventy years Medicine Hat has calmly squatted on one of the biggest, purest natural gas fields in Canada. You can drill a twelve hundred foot hole anywhere in or around the Hat and strike gas, just as a gang of CPR well drillers did accidentally in 1883. The gas is so odorless the city has to give it a smell so that any leaks can be detected.

Industry is uncommon in the average prairie town but in the Hat seventeen industries, drawn by low priced fuel, produce fifty million dollars worth of goods a year. This has led Bob Ross, manager of radio station CHAT and a persistent man with a slogan, to call the city the "Pittsburgh of the Prairies." Fifty freight cars leave Medicine Hat every working day carrying such incongruous products as sewer tile and potted plants, chrysanthemums and crockery, linseed oil and sheep, celery and bricks, roses and glassware, irrigation machinery and cabbage, cattle and cauliflower, fine linings and breakfast food.

Yet Medicine Hat still looks like, acts like and is a cowtown. The gas-burning industries leave no grimy pall of smoke and right next door to the factories lie four thousand farms and ranches. On Saturday nights the beer parlors and five pool halls are full of sunburned men in blue jeans, high heeled boots and cowboy hats. Most Medicine Hatters would rather sit back and spin a ranching yarn than worry about production statistics.

The climate supplies yet another paradox. The Hat has one hundred and thirty frost free days a year, two weeks more than any other prairie centre. Its mean summer temperature is sixty two, its winter temperature a mild twenty-five above. With this relatively freakish weather the district attracts nearly everything from roses to rattlesnakes.

When Harry Ainsworth, Department of Transport radio officer and meteorologist, came to the Hat five years ago, he left Saskatoon in a blizzard, passed through Moose Jaw at thirty-three below zero and found Medicine Hatters walking around without overcoats. As the crow flies the Hat is less than fifty miles west of the Saskatchewan border. Ainsworth credits the balmy weather to the city's low altitude—2,181 feet as compared to Lethbridge's 2,983 and Calgary's 3,440—combined with warm chinooks and other air currents coming through the Crowsnest Pass.

But Medicine Hat is proudest of its name. Along with Moose Jaw and Walla Walla, Washington, it rates high among the most arresting place names on the continent. Rival Chambers of Commerce would gladly swap a dozen historic sites for it.

"Tourists driving through here nearly always stop, if only to ask about the name," says R. H. Lacey, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce in the Hat.

Every year scores of collectors around the world write the post office for the unique postmark. A few years ago a handful of citizens suggested changing the name to something more dignified—Gainsborough, for example, was one proposal—but the majority of the citizens squelched the idea. After all, the world has its share of Londons and Romes but there's only one Medicine Hat.

Last year an American who'd entered a place names contest wrote postmaster Samuel Goldie for the origin of Medicine Hat. Local historians can't agree on the exact derivation but Goldie, a good-humored Scot, sent along

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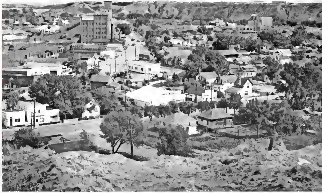
With a keen taste for slogans, Medicine Hat answers to "the Pittsburgh of the Prairies" and reminds everybody it has "all hell for a basement."



GLASSWARE plant was lured by cheap gas. Worker Les Stagg polishes swan ornament.

PIPES are made by Joseph H. Yuill (left) from clay hills that surround the versatile city.

NATURAL GAS from city owned wells heats homes for a trifling fifty dollars a year.

ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN Tells

How to write a letter

Canadians spend many millions of dollars on stamps every year to say (ha ha!) that they have nothing to say. Bob doesn't care if you report that you're in jail as long as you Say Something

DRAWINGS BY DUNCAN MACPHERSON

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THE EDITORS,
MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE,
TORONTO, ONTARIO

GENTLEMEN.
     I'm sorry to be so long
in completing (hope that's
spelled right—never could re-
member about those "e"s!) this
article on how to write a letter.
Guess I could do with a few les-
sons myself (Ha! Ha!) But to tell
you the truth I have been as busy
as a bee with the opening of the
1953-54 social season (you know
me!) and I just haven't had time
to get it down on paPE er (Guess
it's about time I bought another
typewriter Ha! Ha!) But as I was
saying when I stepped this letter
last Thursday (Whoops! I'm
running off the page, but I'll
try to finish this let
```

— well, here I am again . . .

THAT LETTER was never written, of course. People never write like that when they get down to business. But it's roughly the sort of thing a man in the above situation writes when he can't put off writing any longer.

We've come to the conclusion that in a form of communication so phoney that women who loathe one another swear that they sincerely belong to each other, and men with blue jaws and eyes like nails address one another as "Dear," anything goes so long as we can get to bed early and it's someone else's turn to write.

The result is a waste of our great pulp forests and a large portion of the sixty-five million dollars Canadians spend on stamps every year. Five thousand postmen in cities and towns from Victoria to Corner Brook daily sink a little closer to the ground carrying letters that begin "This is going to be a terrible letter but here goes! "

More than thirteen thousand rural couriers wear out tires between nearly four hundred thousand rural mail boxes delivering such puzzling statements as "Nearly got killed on Saturday (Ha! Ha!)."

Thirteen hundred and forty-three railway mail clerks work frantically over forty-seven million miles of track mileage sorting letters that begin "Things are about the same in Saskatoon" from letters that begin "Things are about the same in Moncton."

Canned Goods Aren't Always Exciting

If this day and age is to produce anything remotely comparable to the letters of Lord Chesterfield, Mark Twain or Napoleon it's time we got started. Until now about all we've done is start off with a lie about why we haven't written sooner and try to think of something to say; we start sentences that we can't seem to end, yet can see no point in continuing; forget what we were going to say the minute we unscrew the top from the fountain pen; work ourselves out on wobbly little planks of words like "John and I have both had supper," add in desperation "at the table," and try to tie things together with brackets; look at it so long that we begin to write out on separate sheets of paper little words like "took," "tooke," "ink," that suddenly look queer, like husbands, and call upstairs late at night to ask smart school-age daughters how to spell cemetery, changeable, biscuit, analyze and molasses.

Perhaps it will help you find something to say next time you sit down to write a letter if you remember that your friends don't want to hear that you went to Huntsville Thursday and bought some canned goods. They don't want to hear either that tonight you are going to visit two people they don't know who live just a stone's throw from two other people they don't know, or that Wednesday you are going to the dentist.

Things like going for canned goods are not essentially interesting even if you try to liven them up with little comments like "I'm writing this on top of Willy's head. I bet it sure *looks* like it." They appear in letters so often because of a basic Canadian characteristic of being canny of enthusiasm and embarrassed by emotion. This leaves nothing to talk about except things like bats getting into the cottage. The trouble is, if no bats get in there is nothing left to talk about.

The whole thing was pretty well summed up by one plump saleswoman in a downtown Toronto hosiery department who told me, "I don't mind writing letters exactly. But I enjoy writing them most when I have something to say."

Something to say necessarily means, to most Canadians, an external event like visiting Brock's Monument on Saturday or letting down the hem of little Sandra's dress last night, which they are convinced should be described breezily.

But what goes on inside us is much more interesting than what goes on outside us and often much breezier. All good letter writers recognize this. The fact that you wish your husband would drop dead, for instance, isn't a typical bit of news, but it would make a dandy letter.

The kind of letters I like to read are the ones my wife gets from an English girl in Kitchener who larrups right in with low shoes and a lot of feeling:

```
My Dear. Please don't think me
too beastly for not writing
sooner, but life is such a bore at
times that one finds that one
simply can't face writing one's
friends, then one finds oneself
suddenly walking in the country
and thinking of something simply
heavenly with sideburns and a
black moustache . . .
```

What people think is much more interesting than what they do. I like to read letters from a man I've never met but who writes to me occasionally, sitting, I like to imagine, amid books and old dinosaur bones with a pipe clamped between his teeth, surrounded by the smell of good tobacco and ideas. He grumbles:

```
Dear Allen: Darwin said that the
horse, ass, zebra, quagga and
haemonius were all evolved from
an equine animal striped like
the zebra but differently con-
structed and that the ancestors
of all domestic animals . . .
```

Men and women of the past who wrote letters we are still reading didn't niggle around with bats getting into cottages. They jumped right into something that was on their mind and with emotion and enthusiasm. They got insulted and furious, had their feelings hurt, fell in love and out of love and seldom discussed anything more trivial than the meaning of life. Jean-Jacques Rousseau wrote:

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Sir: On looking through the piece
which you have sent me, I shud-
dered at finding myself praised.
I refuse to accept this horrible
present. I am convinced that, in
sending it to me, you didn't
intend to insult me . . .
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Only twenty years ago H. L. Mencken wrote to Will Durant:

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You ask me in brief what satis-
faction I get out of life, and why
I go on working. I go on working
for the same reason that a hen
goes on laying eggs . . .
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Letters that start like that make pretty thin stuff of:

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Dear George: How are you? We are
all fine. Nothing much new. I'm
enclosing the first page from
yesterday's paper and three short
stories from Esquire. Things are
fine at my end and hoping you are
the same at your end . . .
```

Events themselves are all right if you happen to have spent the week end in jail, or yesterday you found a pair of rosy beige stockings in the car and you yourself never wear anything but gunsmoke grey. But trying to find enough of that sort of thing in the average commuter's life is one reason why women, the same women who can talk for two hours on the phone without even using a cushion, write things like "Thursday it rained, but Friday was beautiful although Saturday . . ." And why men who have talked their way to vice-presidencies write "Dear Aunt Ethel," then look up an hour later without having got any further; and why summer bachelor husbands sitting behind two days' growth of dirty dishes struggle to think of something to say besides "Where did you say you kept the dill pickles?"

"What I do," I was told by one cleaning woman with glasses who looked like a lady doctor, "I just say all the things I got from one friend in my letter to another friend. I change them around of course so they never know."

That's another thing your friends don't want to get from you: a letter you write by spreading another letter in front of you and commenting on every paragraph. This is the friendly letter in reverse method of not saying anything:

```
Dear Harry: Glad you got down to
see Uncle George on Sunday. Bet
you enjoyed yourself. Ha! Ha!

That must have been an interesting
experience when the dogcatcher
tried to throw the net over little
Uncle Perce. The darndest things
sure can happen!

So you're going on holidays Thurs-
day? Sure envy you. But I'll
just have to keep the old nose on
the grindstone till next year.
If my nose holds out, that is!

That was a funny one about you
sliding under the table just as
the waiter handed you the bill.
Bet you won't go there again for
a while!
```

Another good rule to remember is that if you nearly got killed on Saturday, it does not make it particularly funny to say (Ha! Ha!) after it, or even "no less" or "believe it or not!" To say "I've just finished a tomato sandwich (believe it or not)" is even worse.

Continued on page 64

His quill poised, Bob's floating mood is foiled by Old Nick and passing fancies

MEXICO Workers crowd around a Beaver which dropped out of the sky on to a narrow strip they had hacked out of the undergrowth near Villa Hermosa

The Wonder Plane That Lands On StreeCorners

The Beaver takes off from a duck-pond, scoots up mountains and laughs at hrutal overloads. The U. S. signed a treaty with Canada just to get a fleet for Korea. Tough pilots in the Canadian hush, in the Andes, on New Zealand sheep stations and in the Arctic swear there's practically nothing this plane won't do

By FRANK CROFT

THE SPIRIT of high carnival reigned at the offices of Taxi Aero de Santander in the Colombian town of Bucaramanga one day last June. Friends and relatives of Gonzalo Galvis, owner of the company, crowded the one-story building and overflowed into the street; food and wine were passed out freely. Then, led by the beaming Gonzalo, the crowd marched out to Bucaramanga's tiny airfield to admire the cause of all the fuss. A brand new all-metal cabin monoplane, the eighth to be added to the Santander fleet and the five hundredth built at the de Havilland Aircraft of Canada Ltd. plant near Toronto.

Known generally as the Beaver, and to the U. S. armed forces officially as the L-20 and unofficially, inaccurately, but respectfully as "that Limey kite," it is being flown in twenty-five countries for a hundred purposes. The Beaver was originally intended as a freighter for Canadian bush pilots. It has not only become the pet of that glamorous fraternity, it is the favorite non-combat plane of the U. S. air force which used L-20s for everything from field ambulance work to carrying the GIs' mail in Korea, and is using it in Japan, Alaska and Europe.

The Beaver is a Canadian plane on which its makers gambled a million dollars. The gamble has paid off in the jungles and mountains of South America, on the sheep farms of New Zealand, the African veldt and the Malayan rubber plantations.

COLOMBIA Jungle taxi shortens Andean journeys from days to minutes

The Beaver is used to deliver groceries to the Eskimos, as a flying clinic for the hinterlands of South America and for coastal patrol in Finland.

Several factors account for the world-wide popularity of the Beaver. It is structurally simple and rugged; it gives service in any climate from eighty below to one hundred and forty degrees above zero. It can get in and out of small lakes, narrow rivers and bush or jungle slashings with an ease rivaling the helicopter. The Beaver has come down on and taken off from city streets, ponds and race tracks, not in emergencies but because it can use such spots as permanent bases.

Most important, it does these things carrying a much greater payload than any aircraft with a performance approaching that of the Beaver. Officially rated as a three-quarter-ton carrier, Beavers have been known to take off with a load of well over a ton. And, as a de Havilland official said with mixed pride and consternation, "it frightens us just to think of the weight some owners pile into their Beavers in the belief that there's nothing that these workhorse planes won't do."

Even seasoned airmen are incredulous of the Beaver's performance. Not long ago a U. S. air force pilot on a flight down the British Columbia coast saw a plane down on a lake which to him appeared no larger than a duck pond. It was a Beaver. He sent out a call giving the plane's location, adding that the pilot would probably need help getting out. A British Columbia forestry station picked up the message and replied: "Thanks for the kind thought, but that's one of our patrol planes operating from its usual base."

Forest protection officials at the Ontario Department of Lands and Forests (which now operates a fleet of forty Beavers) say that it has given them access to twenty percent more lakes and rivers than was possible with other planes. It was the Beaver's square, box-like cabin that led the department to put the plane to one of its most unusual tasks —water-bombing incipient forest fires. A Beaver is loaded with two dozen kraft paper bags each containing three and a half gallons of water and weighing thirty-five pounds. They are dropped through the hole in the floor of the cabin which usually accommodates an aerial camera, at an altitude of two hundred feet and a speed of eighty miles an hour. The bombardier keeps the bags rolling to the hole in a conveyor such as is used in warehouses.

Back at the temporary base the ground crew is filling more bags. With the Beaver's rapid landing and take-off

Continued on page 36

Flying Workhorse to Half the World

KOREA A bombed-out village street was the usual base of this Beaver. When Eisenhower toured the battlefront he used one as a "jeep"

JAPAN Beaver ambulances ferried wounded from the front. U.S. forces use hundreds, call them their most versatile non-combat aircraft

ARCTIC The Beaver was designed to expert specifications of fifty Canadian bush pilots and it thrives at forty below zero — or a hundred and forty above

Round Trip To
ETERNITY

Each man must find out for himself what awaits him on the last long journey. But here's one man who looked into the limbo and is still baffled by what he saw

By ANDRÉ MAUROIS

ILLUSTRATED BY OSCAR

I COULD NEITHER move nor speak. My limbs, my tongue, my eyelids refused to obey me and although my eyes were open I perceived nothing but a luminous haze in which bright drops danced like motes in a sunbeam. I realized that I was about to die. But I still could hear. Words came through to me veiled, more whispers than conversation. I recognized voices. I knew that around my bed were grouped Dr. Galtier, our family physician (whose terrier-like bark had somehow been softened), another doctor whose peremptory tone made my overtaut nerves wince, and my wife Donatienne, from whom I heard half sobs and hesitant questions.

"Is he conscious?" she asked.

"No, Mrs. Schmidt," the strange doctor replied. "Positively not. He's not even delirious any more. It's reached the coma. Just a question of hours . . . or minutes."

"Don't you think," the scratchy voice of Dr. Galtier ventured, "that perhaps an injection . . ."

"Why put him through it?" said the specialist. "At his age you don't get over a thing like this. Penicillin was our last hope. It let us down. Now there is nothing more we can do."

"But don't you think," pursued Galtier respectfully, "that the patient's constitution is a factor fully as important as his age? I went over him a month ago, just before he came down with this pneumonia. He had the heart and the reactions of a young man."

"On the surface," said the other. "Superficially it can look like that. But age does tell."

"But you're absolutely wrong, Doctor," interposed Donatienne strenuously. "My husband was young. Very young."

"He felt young, Mrs. Schmidt, but that is the most cruel delusion of all. You, incidentally, should get some sleep. I can assure you he can't see you any more. If anything should happen the nurse will call you."

Donatienne's sob—almost a cry—for an instant opened the curtain and I had the sensation of her eyes, seen at a great distance like beacons on a foggy coast. It lasted a moment only; then even the voices faded out. Suddenly I was alone in a silence so great that it seemed to roar. How much time passed? I have no idea, but when I could stand the boredom no longer I suddenly conceived the mad idea of getting up. I wanted to call the nurse and made several tries. No one came. I shouted (or thought I shouted) "Donatienne!"

My wife did not answer.

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Through the mist Donatienne's eyes called to him, tender, agonized. "I don't want to go," he said

The press agent everybody wants to meet

NICHOLAS MONSARRAT, BRITISH INFORMATION OFFICER IN OTTAWA, DOESN'T HAVE THE USUAL TROUBLES OF HIS TRADE. AS AUTHOR OF THE CRUEL SEA HE IS THE SOCIAL LION MOST CAPITAL HOSTESSES WANT TO TRAP, EVEN HIS OLD PANTS ARE COVETED BY MONEY RAISING COMMITTEES

By BLAIR FRASER

PHOTOS BY MALAK

A GOVERNMENT information officer is normally a man in search of an audience. Part of his job is to take on invitations from groups too obscure to be spoken to by the ambassador or the minister or the first secretary; no group is too obscure for the information officer, who is hired to put his country's case to anyone who will listen.

Nicholas Monsarrat, the new British Information Officer in Ottawa, thus seems to be living in a press agent's paradise. Even before he left South Africa, his last post, he had received several invitations to speak in Canada. By the time he was well settled in Ottawa these bids totalled more than a hundred. Monsarrat declined two thirds of them, but he set out early in October on an eight month series of thirty-five speeches to some of the best audiences in Canada, all on his favorite subject, the Commonwealth.

This special treatment arises, of course, from the fact that Monsarrat is the author of The Cruel Sea, a novel about war in the north Atlantic. The book has sold more than a million and a half copies in fifteen languages including Japanese. The film is packing theatres in London, New York and various other places, including Canada where it opened in Ottawa with considerable fanfare. The two have earned Monsarrat an estimated three hundred thousand dollars before taxes, and fame that sets him apart from his fellows.

Ordinarily information officers are step-children, at best, of any foreign service. The typical newcomer to Monsarrat's job is unnoticed by anyone save the equally humble fauna of the newspaper world, and even they tend to patronize him.

Monsarrat, by contrast, is the best-known member of the diplomatic corps in Ottawa. Envoys of other countries who never before have either known or cared who the British Information Officer might be now beset their senior colleagues at Earnscliffe for an opportunity to meet the Monsarrats.

One parish organization wrote to the British Information Office for any used object, old clothing or the like, cast off by the author of The Cruel Sea. They planned to raffle it for the benefit of the parish poor. Monsarrat considered sending them a pair of old flannels which he'd lately been persuaded to abandon, but finally sent an autographed copy of The Cruel Sea, a precedent he may have cause to regret.

The object of all this adulation is a tall, thin, angular Englishman of forty three who carries his burden of fame with composure and the appearance of ease. As British Information Officer he behaves like any other: sends out bales of second-class mail to a mailing list of four hundred, is suitably affable to editors and correspondents, generally gives a pretty good impersonation of a run-of-mine public relations man.

On the whole the impersonation is successful, but it is never likely to become flawless. Monsarrat in fact is no more like a typical civil servant than a tropical fish is like a cod. Even if he'd never written a best seller and become rich and famous he would still have gone down in anybody's book as a very unusual character who's had a very unusual career.

It began in the most eminent respectability. His father is a surgeon in Liverpool, where Nicholas was born in 1910; his uncle heads a family firm of barristers and solicitors in which the young Monsarrat was intended to become a partner. He went to Winchester, one of the best and oldest and most respectable of British public schools; he went to Cambridge. He read law, and for eighteen months after leaving university he plugged dutifully away in his uncle's law office.

This promising career was cut off abruptly when Monsarrat "ran away to London" with his family's chill disapproval, an old typewriter, a half-finished novel and forty pounds in cash.

For the next few years he lived in a kind of poverty and squalor that he'd never seen in his life before. The half finished

Continued on page 55

Monsarrat enjoys his seventy-six-dollar-a-week job, also sees it as a duty he owes Britain. Sterling earnings bought this fourteen thousand-dollar Bentley, but he can't spend his massive book royalties in this country

In this den Monsarrat follows his rule for writing: five hundred words a night

All doors open to the publicity man who happens to be a celebrated author too. Here he pays a call on Parliament Hill

At his British Information Office desk, the author writes dozens of news releases, answers innumerable questions about Britain

The cosmopolitan Monsarrats take after-dinner coffee in their rented Ottawa mansion with poodle named Noblesse Oblige. Wife Philippa is a South African who gave up a journalistic career of her own when she married the author of The Cruel Sea

Maclean's Movies

CONDUCTED BY
CLYDE GILMOUR

Spectacular scene: newshawk chases Vittorio Gassman up Glass Wall

THE 5000 FINGERS OF DR. T. This flashy, pretentious fantasy might have made a diverting short but as a full-length feature it soon begins to sag. Its plot promotes a debatable one, i.e. the imperishable notion that all small boys hate good music.

FROM HERE TO ETERNITY. One of the year's best movies is this strong but faithful adaptation of James Jones' savage novel about army life in Honolulu just before the Pearl Harbor raid. The story is a bit too crowded and episodic but immensely gripping. Director Fred Zinnemann, who made High Noon, has a fine cast including Montgomery Clift, Burt Lancaster, Frank Sinatra, Deborah Kerr.

THE GLASS WALL. Spectacular photography in and atop New York's United Nations building is the most rewarding feature of this hectic pursuit drama about an illegal immigrant (Vittorio Gassman) on the lam in Manhattan.

THE GREAT SIOUX UPRISING. A corny western, burdened down with stilted dialogue and stagey characterizations.

INNOCENTS IN PARIS. A carefully assorted lot of Britons spend a week end in the French capital. The script is crammed with almost every imaginable cliche about wicked, fascinating Paree, but the incomparable Alastair Sim is very funny as an English diplomat whose secret weapon is his vast capacity for vodka.

THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE. A happy ending has put Robert Louis Stevenson's famed novel into Technicolor soft focus, but the net result is still a fine swashbuckling sword opera, with Errol Flynn suitably cast as an eighteenth century Scottish daredevil.

ROMAN HOLIDAY. Director William Wyler, an expert at heavy drama, here proves equally adroit in handling a gay romantic comedy. Filmed in photogenic Rome, it's about a newspaperman (Gregory Peck) and a rebellious princess (Audrey Hepburn) who do the town together. Miss H. is an English actress of uncommon charm and talent.

THE TITFIELD THUNDERBOLT. A cheerful English comedy about a village and its beloved branch railway. Farcical ingenuity runs a bit thin in spots, but Stanley Holloway and other droll chappies account for a good number of chuckly moments.

Gilmour Rates

Arena: 3-D rodeo western. Fair.
Bad Blonde: Sexy drama. Poor.
The Beast From 20,000 Fathoms: Sea fantasy. Fair.
Call Me Madam: Musical. Tops.
Charge at Feather River: Western in 3-D. Fair.
City of Bad Men: Western. Fair.
City That Never Sleeps: Crime. Fair.
The Cruel Sea: Navy drama. Excellent.
Dangerous When Wet: Musical. Good.
Fast Company: Turf comedy. Poor.
Fort Ti: 3-D adventure. Fair.
Genevieve: British comedy. Good.
Gentlemen Prefer Blondes: Comedy plus music. Good.
The Girl Next Door: Musical. Fair.
Houdini: Hoked-up biography. Fair.
It Came From Outer Space: 3-D science fiction. Fair.
Julius Caesar: Shakespeare. Excellent.
The Last Posse: Western. Good.
Lili: Musical fantasy. Excellent.
Man on a Tightrope: Drama. Good.
The Maze: Horror in 3-D. Fair.
Member of the Wedding: Drama. Fair.
The Moon Is Blue: Comedy. Good.
Moulin Rouge: Drama. Excellent.
Ride the Man Down: Western. Fair.
Scandal at Scourie: Comedy-drama of rural Ontario. Good.
Sea Devils: Spy drama. Fair.
Second Chance: 3-D suspense. Fair.
The 7 Deadly Sins: Dramas. Fair.
Shane: Western. Excellent.
The Silver Whip: Western. Fair.
Sombrero: Mexican drama. Fair.
South Sea Woman: Comedy. Fair.
Split Second: Suspense. Good.
Stalag 17: Prison-camp tale. Good.
Story of Gilbert & Sullivan: Musical biography. Good.
Times Gone By: Italian multi-story comedy-drama. Good.
Titanic: Drama at sea. Fair.
The Vanquished: Drama. Poor.
White Witch Doctor: African jungle melodrama. Fair.
Yellow Balloon: Suspense. Excellent.

Car Insurance

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

from paying every trivial claim. This clause also relieves the insured of an even higher premium rate. Most common is a hundred-dollar deductible which means the customer pays the first hundred dollars, the insurance company pays the rest.

The motorist striving vainly to strike a balance between soaring insurance costs and high court awards for accident victims, has a dilemma. What and how much auto insurance should he carry? Or does he need any at all?

If a man has a fat bank account and likes a gamble there's no reason why he can't be his own insurance company and shoulder the financial hazard of his own driving instead of paying a company to do it. But the risk should not be underestimated. According to insurance statistics the average driver can expect to have an accident once every six years in which he will be liable for damages. The average claim is around two hundred dollars, but there is always the chance that court awards may run to more than a hundred thousand.

A Toronto woman was held responsible for an accident which sent an eighteen-thousand-a-year engineer to hospital for two and a half years. A court ordered her and her husband to pay the engineer one hundred and fifteen thousand dollars. They had public liability insurance with a fifty-thousand-dollar limit. Their insurance company paid up to that policy limit—which left sixty-five thousand dollars still to be paid. The most the couple could raise was twenty-five thousand and the case was closed with payment of this amount.

In another case a woman who owned a hotel in London, Ont., was assessed eighty-nine thousand dollars for a collision which injured four persons. She had to sell her hotel to pay the debt. A recent Vancouver accident judgment was forty-six thousand, another in Hamilton was fifty-five thousand.

Government-established unsatisfied judgment funds now exist in all provinces except Saskatchewan and Quebec, but they don't take the place of insurance for the individual motorist. They protect accident victims, not drivers responsible for the accidents. If a driver has no finances or insurance to pay a court judgment the victim can be paid out of the unsatisfied judgment fund. But the driver's car is impounded and his driving license canceled until he pays the sum back to the fund.

So most car owners regard public liability insurance a necessity. The question is, how much?

In prewar days when earnings, medical costs and car values were much lower than today the "five, ten and one" policy was regarded as fairly adequate coverage and became known as "standard limits." If you're a Sunday driver who runs up only three or four thousand miles a year you may feel that standard limits are still enough. But insurance officials say the average public liability coverage today is twenty-five thousand dollars for injury to one person, fifty thousand for more than one and two thousand to cover property damage. Because the risk of bigger claims is smaller the rates for higher limits drop sharply. The average Toronto driver pays around twenty-five dollars a year for a "five, ten and one" public liability policy, but for another nine or ten dollars he can have maximum coverage of a hundred thousand dollars. Thomas N. Phelan, legal adviser to the Ontario Motor League, believes the "hundred thousand inclusive" policy is worth the extra premium cost to all motorists regardless of how much driving they do.

Do you need fire and theft coverage? It costs only five or six dollars a year, but rates for an old car are practically the same as for a new one, so if your car is an old-timer you may decide its loss won't bankrupt you and let fire and theft coverage slide. But the average motorist has to dig deeply to pay for a new car—usually it's his biggest investment next to his house—and for him fire and theft coverage is worth the price.

The hardest auto-insurance decision involves collision insurance covering your own car against damage for which no other driver is responsible. This is the most expensive coverage; rates for which are three to four times what they were six or seven years ago. (For a new Ford in 1946 they were ten to fifteen dollars; for a 1953 Ford they range from thirty to sixty dollars.) Maybe this is the closest to being a luxury insurance: if you wreck your own car you can always take up hiking. Sixty percent of Canadian motorists do not carry it.

But the big insurance question is not what and how much to buy but why it is costing so much.

The rates across the board have risen roughly eighty percent since the end of the war, although at war's end they were slightly lower than usual because the accident rate had dropped during wartime gasoline rationing. The average Canadian car owner today is paying seventy-five dollars a year for auto insurance; he used to get the same coverage for around forty dollars. The increases have been greatest during the past three years and there's little hope yet of them even standing still, let alone retreating.

Three Ways To Buy It

With increasing rates, the insured drivers must worry too about a threatening increase in the number of uninsured drivers. For as rates go up so does the number of drivers who can no longer afford insurance. Twenty percent of Canadian cars—more than half a million—carry no public liability insurance. In Quebec where rates are highest because the accident rate is highest, seventy percent of cars are uninsured. Unsatisfied judgment funds are only a partial protection against uninsured drivers. The time and trouble of obtaining a court decision make small damage claims uneconomical. And most of the funds have the "standard" limits and therefore don't pay large claims.

Motorists are learning to their bewilderment and suspicion that there are three basic ways in which auto insurance is being sold in Canada, and that virtually the same coverage can vary a hundred dollars in annual cost depending on who sells it to you and where you live. Principal purveyors of auto insurance are the established insurance companies which handle more than ninety percent of the Canadian business and sell indirectly through independent agents. A second type now beginning to appear in Canada is the "direct writer" company. Direct writers sell either by mail or from their own offices in which they have exclusive agents who work for reduced commissions. The third Canadian system of dispensing auto insurance is the Saskatchewan Government's compulsory plan under which every motorist there pays for his insurance when he buys his driving license.

How do these rates compare? For fairly full coverage (hundred thousand inclusive public liability, hundred

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dollar deductible" collision, and fire and theft) a Toronto or Hamilton motorist with a 1950 Ford pays the regular agency-type companies about seventy-two dollars on a pleasure car, one hundred and thirty-five dollars if he uses it for business. A direct-writer company sells the same coverage for seventy-seven dollars for the first year, sixty-four dollars for succeeding years, business or pleasure regardless. In Saskatchewan this same coverage sells for thirty-one dollars, with no extra charge for business cars.

A comparison of Saskatchewan and Toronto-Hamilton rates is unfair in one respect, for the accident rate influences insurance costs, and highway congestion makes the Ontario accident rate much higher. But in Manitoba, with an accident rate similar to Saskatchewan's, the protection listed above and bought from a regular company costs sixty-five dollars — more than double the Saskatchewan cost. This comparison, too, is misleading, for the Saskatchewan plan is indirectly subsidized.

Whether or not premium rates in general are higher than they need to be, there is at least plenty of reason for them to be higher today than in prewar days when inflation applied only to automobile fares and not to automobile expenses.

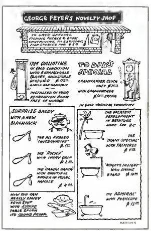
First, there are more cars on the road and the congestion has produced a dramatic increase in the accident rate. In 1939 accidents occurred at the rate of 2.8 for every hundred cars registered. In 1952 it was about seven per hundred cars. More accidents mean more insurance claims and higher premiums to cover the claims.

But the real villain is inflation. In 1939 the replacement price of a typical low-price car was eight hundred and fifty dollars, today it costs two thousand two hundred. Repair parts have increased proportionately. Garage labor used to be around a dollar an hour, now it's anywhere up to $3.50. And cars are being dolled up in a way that adds greatly to cost of repair. As one insurance company president laments: "If you smash a fender today you have to repair half the car." In hundred-dollar deductible collision insurance there were three claims per hundred cars insured in 1939 (average claim $178); in 1951 there were more than nine claims per hundred cars (average $276).

The cost of accident injuries has also soared, for medical and hospital costs are two to three times as high. And increased wages have doubled court allowances for lost earnings.

Insurance officials also claim there is a growing tendency for juries in damage actions to "soak the insurance company" — so much so that insurance lawyers now try to hide the fact whenever there is an insurance company behind a case. Motorists and garagemen are also getting "claim happy," company adjusters say, and playing the insurance companies for a rich uncle whenever they get the chance.

Accident claims, inflated by all these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factors have increased steadily. In 1950 they were $52 million, in 1951 $65 million, in 1952 $76 million. At present accident claims are costing insurance companies—and drivers who pay the premiums—around one hundred and fifty dollars *per minute.*

But since premium rates are also soaring, are the companies really losing money as they claim?

According to W. C. Butler, president of the All Canada Insurance Federation, to which almost all companies in Canada belong, the companies lost about six million dollars on auto insurance in 1952. But practically all of the two hundred odd firms doing auto underwriting in Canada are "multiple-line" companies which also sell fire, sickness, accident and various other lines of insurance. Despite their claimed auto insurance losses they always chalk up a robust profit every year on their total insurance business. According to the report of the superintendent of insurance for Canada the companies made a 1951 profit of about twenty million dollars. So the auto underwriting loss still has a long way to go before it starts breaking the companies.

But no one argues that a company should indefinitely subsidize its automobile insurance division on profit it makes from the man buying boiler or burglary insurance. So what is the evidence that there is an automobile insurance loss?

Companies Go In Red

In the form of hard, round figures the evidence is lacking. The U. S. Government requires insurance companies to break down expenses by class of insurance so that each class can be inspected individually. No such detailed breakdown is required in Canada. So when the companies say that thirty seven cents out of every auto insurance premium dollar is required for commissions, wages, taxes and all the other expenses of doing business, leaving sixty three cents to pay claims, the government and every one else must take their word for it.

"Expenses are the unknown factor," one government official said. "They claim they are losing money but figures on the whys and wheres of that loss are mixed up with other insurance lines so that no one can find them."

Recently the Canadian Federation of Insurance Agents, fearing that the public was blaming agent commissions for premium increases, urged government insurance departments to demand more revealing expense figures in company reports.

In the meantime there is some strong evidence in support of the companies' claim that most of them are going in the red on auto insurance. For example, there are a handful of firms which sell only automobile insurance, so with them there are no other lines of insurance to confuse the profit-and-loss picture, and these firms have all lost money or barely broken even during the past few years. The biggest, American Automobile, showed a loss of 12.0 cents per income dollar in 1951 and 4.1 cents in 1952.

And many companies are curtailing their auto insurance volume or getting fussier about the people they will insure. Some have become very selective, refusing to take on young drivers or drivers with accident records. Others are accepting new policies from agents only on a rationed basis, demanding a certain number of fire or other policies for every auto policy they accept—not exactly the action one would expect in a profitable business.

Is too much of the premium dollar being used up in company expenses and agents' commissions? In the lush days of 1929 when an automobile accident was so rare that it was almost always worth an eight-column newspaper heading, a Royal Commission investigating the auto insurance business recommended a division of the premium dollar into fifty three cents for claims, forty seven for commissions, profit and expenses. It didn't become law, but the companies accepted it as their formula for arriving at rates each year. Their way of doing business became geared to this system which allowed them to use up forty-seven cents out of every dollar they handled.

But at the end of the war it became impossible to hold claims down to fifty three percent of premiums collected. Premiums had to be set according to claims of the year before, but claims were going up so fast that premiums, always a year or two behind, couldn't catch up. The loss ratio—the portion of premiums required for claims—rose from the original fifty three to around sixty five percent. Companies that had been doing business for years with the old forty seven percent expense allowance were having a tough time making ends meet on the thirty five percent left to them now.

This year they decided premiums couldn't keep going up forever and that company expenses and agents' commissions would have to be cut. Now they are aiming at a division of the auto insurance premium dollar of sixty three cents for claims and thirty seven cents for commission and company costs. That thirty seven cents is now divided twenty-two cents for the company, fifteen cents for the agent's commission. But they claim that in spite of the ten percent reduction in expenses and commissions they may still go in the red.

Is the only alternative still higher premiums? Or can expenses be trimmed yet?

U. S. companies absorb only fifteen percent of premium in company expenses instead of the Canadian twenty two percent. James Watson, in his address as retiring president of the Dominion Board of Insurance Underwriters, said last May: "I see great scope for simplification in our business." Expense saving short cuts being discussed within the industry include simpler policy forms, two- or three-year policies instead of annual renewals, less detailed bookkeeping.

But the companies overlook one form of income which they claim doesn't belong in the profit-or-loss picture—income from investments. They are required by law to hold a fund in reserve to cover what they call "unearned premiums." The premium paid, for example, in June is only half earned when the year's business is wound up, and the unearned portion must go into a reserve that is invested.

How much of the reserve funds is unearned auto premiums, and how much from other insurance lines, only the companies know. But the total reserves reported each year for government solvency investigations are large. At the end of 1951 the firms were holding reserves of more than sixty-two million. That year they had an investment income of $8,600,000. How much came from auto premiums they don't report, but auto premiums represent about one third of all premiums collected.

The companies have said that investment income is too uncertain to be considered in the calculation of insurance rates. But life insurance companies include investment income in their premium setting calculations. The casualty companies reply that life insurance firms hold premiums for years before a policy becomes a claim, and

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the reserves became much larger and the income more stable in short term insurance lines.

How have direct writer companies and the Saskatchewan Government been able to sell auto insurance at lower rates than the standard companies? Direct writers who sell auto insurance at ten to twenty percent less than the regular companies are not yet firmly established in Canada, but in the U.S. they have cornered about half of the auto insurance business. Until this year there was only one in Canada, State Farm Mutual, a U.S. firm licensed to do business in Ontario. But last April the biggest U.S. direct writer, Allstate Insurance Company, a subsidiary of Sears-Roebuck, the world's leading mail-order house, opened shop in Canada as a result of the partnership of Sears Roebuck and Robert Simpson Company in the new Simpsons-Sears Company. Allstate has opened a booth in Simpson's department store in Toronto and plans to establish auto insurance departments in Simpsons-Sears stores across Canada. Allstate also sells by mail through the Simpsons-Sears catalogue.

Direct writers cut costs by eliminating independent agents and making the purchaser come to them. Their office salesmen get a fifteen percent commission on new business but only six and a half percent on renewals. No commission is paid on mail business. They are more selective than regular companies and eliminate much office detail by filling in a simplified policy form by pen while the applicant waits.

The older auto insurance firms are viewing the direct writers with an alarm verging on panic. They fear that the impersonal direct writing system will result in poor service, especially in the mail order business, and create a public ill will that will reflect on the whole industry. They claim that the direct writers are cutting their own and everybody else's throats when they economize by turning away all but the best risks. Somebody has to insure the poor risks, the companies say, or there will be an army of uninsurables raising such a howl that the government will have to take over the business lock, stock and barrel. Thus the direct writers and everybody else will be out of business.

But the agency companies are being forced by competition to study the economizing methods of the direct writers. "If they can operate at less, we'll have to," says Herbert Willick of Pilot Insurance Company, an actuary and former insurance association official. "Either they're stupid or we are."

How does the Saskatchewan Government's auto insurance, the cheapest in the world, sell for a third to a half less than similar coverage elsewhere?

Being compulsory, there are no commissions or selling machinery involved. The premium is simply paid for each year with the driving permit. C. M. Fines, provincial treasurer and chairman of the Saskatchewan Government Insurance Office, attributes the low rate to the simplified system of collecting premiums and to the absence of profit.

But insurance company officials reel off half-a-dozen other explanations for Saskatchewan's "dirt cheap" insurance. Saskatchewan has uncongested highways, a low accident rate and a low average wage. These reduce the frequency and size of accident claims. Its auto premiums don't have to cover hospital costs because the province also has a compulsory hospital insurance plan which operates at a loss and is subsidized from general provincial funds. In other provinces hospital bills are one of the big expenses that auto premiums have to take care of.

A Wisconsin government committee studied the Saskatchewan plan and turned it down for that state on grounds that higher wages and higher accident rate in Wisconsin would require motorists there to pay double what Saskatchewan motorists pay.

The Saskatchewan plan is indirectly subsidized in several other ways. For example, private companies still do business in Saskatchewan and about twenty percent of the drivers buy additional insurance from the regular channels. The CCF government says this extra coverage is bought by the die-hards as a protest against socialism. A more likely explanation is that the government's compulsory insurance provides only limited protection. Its limits are ten thousand, twenty thousand and two thousand dollars. And in the case of property damage there is a hundred dollar deductible clause, releasing the government from all small claims, something no private company public liability policies have. When there is a private company policy the company must pay any claim up to its limit first, then if any of the claim remains the government insurance pays that remainder. The Wisconsin committee estimated that claims against the government plan were cut about twenty-five percent by this subsidization from non-government policies.

Saskatchewan insurance premiums don't have to provide for the taxes that companies have to pay. And a North Dakota committee which studied the plan in 1950 came up with another clue to the mystery of Saskatchewan's cheap insurance. It reported that Saskatchewan was selling insurance on private cars at a material loss which was made up by a profit realized on trucks and commercial vehicles.

In eight years of operation the Saskatchewan Insurance Office has accumulated more than $1,100,000 in profit, but it's not auto insurance profit. By getting its foot in the door with compulsory automobile insurance the government has also become the largest writer of fire, accident, theft and numerous other lines of insurance. Actually by the end of 1952 its auto insurance branch had gone more than eight hundred thousand dollars in the hole.

But there is little doubt that compulsory government insurance, by eliminating commissions, competitive selling and much of the overhead private companies have to carry, can provide insurance much more cheaply. It is doubtful, however, if another province could match Saskatchewan's bargain rates, for Saskatchewan's cheap insurance, because of its various hidden subsidies, is not as cheap as it looks.

Why are the companies fighting so strenuously to retain the present free-enterprise control of automobile insurance if it is losing them money?

First, they're afraid that government auto insurance would be the thin edge of the wedge toward the state's entry into the whole industry, as it was in Saskatchewan. But, in addition, they hope it won't remain a losing business. Auto insurance has a huge market. It's easy to sell. Sooner or later they hope the accident rate and spiraling claims will level off so that they can start making a profit again. "It's like a poker game," one company spokesman said. "You don't quit playing just because you've lost on a couple of hands."

The companies fight staunchly against the two systems which have proved capable of providing cheaper automobile insurance—direct writing and any form of compulsory insurance.

They refuse to ditch the agent in favor of direct writing because they insist that motorists need the agent for satisfactory servicing of claims and renewals. "They're afraid to cut us off," one agent added. "They could get along without us in the automobile field because no effort is required to sell auto insurance, but some of their other more profitable lines are tougher to sell. They need the agents out there on the street plugging for them."

State insurance is obviously anathema to the private insurance industry. It would leave them dead and buried. But they are opposed almost as strongly to any compulsory insurance plan that would still leave the underwriting up to the companies.

Massachusetts twenty-five years ago made auto insurance compulsory by law but left the companies to sell it. It looked as if the companies were being handed a juicy pile of easy business on a platter. But they fought it tooth and nail, and still do. Why?

Theoretically, a law making every driver buy insurance should spread the risk and reduce cost. But the industry argues that the majority of good risks buy insurance now and a compulsion law would only drag in all the poor risks and shove rates upward. Compulsion on drivers to buy means compulsion on companies to sell and this destroys the basis of successful underwriting, the freedom of companies to select risks. Under the present system accident-prone drivers have a tough time obtaining insurance. They can usually get it under an "assigned risk" plan under which the companies distribute poor risks among themselves but they are charged a higher rate. And, starting this year, drivers with a three-year accident-free record are rewarded with a lower rate. This, the companies claim, provides an incentive to careful driving that compulsory systems do not have.

And defenders of voluntary auto insurance argue that under a compulsory system everybody knows that everyone else is insured so careless driving is encouraged and a "litigation neurosis" develops in which drivers start suing each other in reckless abandon whenever they get the least opportunity. Another charge is that when car insurance becomes compulsory there has to be government supervision over rates and rate-setting becomes a political issue.

But the one inescapable factor, whatever the auto insurance system, is that the size and number of claims must always remain the principal determiner of premium rates. And claims, like everything else, are tied to the general price structure. So no matter what changes are made it looks as though we'll never return to the good old days when the insurance premium was a minor item in the motorist's budget. ★

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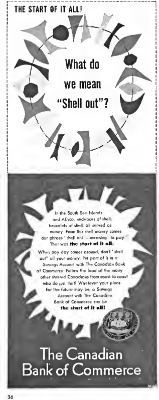
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The Canadian Bank of Commerce

The Wonder Plane

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

performance one plane can lay down an almost uninterrupted attack. Small fires caught quickly enough can be doused or held in check until additional help arrives. The bombardier has to work like a stoker when on target but most crewmen admit that it is fun.

Provincial wildlife officers in Beavers track down fur poachers in the snow. In northern Ontario two winters ago a poacher returning with an illegal batch of pelts was surprised to find a warden waiting for him at his cabin door. The warden saw the man empty his traps from aloft and landed the plane on a small frozen lake less than a hundred yards from the poacher's cabin.

But the best Beaver customer is the United States armed forces. In 1949 Russ Bannock, then chief test pilot for de Havilland and now operations director, took a Beaver to Alaska to show the U.S. command there what it could do. Lieut.-Gen. Nathan F. Twining, Alaskan commander, and his aide, the famous Arctic flier Col. Bernt Balchen, were enthusiastic. Balchen sent a requisition to Washington for twenty Beavers. Washington thought the Alaska command was suffering from a touch of bush madness. Balchen was told that in the first place "buy American" policies excluded foreign planes, in the second place no country could produce a plane of any kind superior to a U.S. machine.

U.S. Wanted Beaver

Later that year Bannock took a Beaver to Wright Field, Ohio, and Fort Bragg, N.C., to enter tests being made on non-combat planes. Half a dozen U.S. manufacturers had small planes that could go through the hurdle race the army had set up, but their maximum load was generally the pilot plus one passenger or a couple of hundred pounds of freight. The Beaver followed with either six passengers or a mere half ton of freight. It did everything the home products did, frequently better.

But congressional committees in Washington remained adamant. Finally Ottawa and Washington signed the Mutual Arms Aid Agreement in October 1950. It is no secret that the agreement was reached on the insistence of the U.S. defense department, which was being badgered by U.S. air force commanders whose sole interest in Canadian war products at that time was the Beaver.

Just how many Beavers have been taken by the U.S. armed forces for work in Asia, Alaska and Europe is a military secret. But it may be said that their L20s are numbered in the hundreds. In Seoul they used the infield of a half-mile race track as a landing field; in Tokyo a waterfront street was used for months by the Beavers. When the wind was wrong for street take-offs they used part of a dock.

When U.S. troops of the 2nd Division wanted a piano at their forward bunkers, an old upright was loaded into a Beaver with the instrument's ends sticking out of each door and delivered. During the UN retreat in 1951 all battalion headquarters had time only to remove papers and orders from their safes; the safes had to be abandoned. When the line was stabilized again every HQ wanted a new safe at once. A Beaver was packed with safes, total weight unmentioned. The load so altered the plane's balance that the pilot had to fight the controls to get the tail up, but it went up and the safes were delivered in one trip.

Its wide loading doors made the Beaver the only plane in Korea which could take an assembled replacement combat-plane motor for delivery to forward air bases. And for the three Christmases UN troops were in Korea the Beaver was used to deliver parcels and mail. Newsreels of President Eisenhower's visit to the Korean front last year revealed that he was using a Beaver as his personal plane. Among various names given it by the Americans is "the generals' jeep." It has been used by generals Ridgway, Van Fleet, Clark and other four-star U.S. generals in Korea, Japan and in Europe.

While a large fleet of Beavers has been giving a star performance in Korea a smaller fleet of six was helping British forces in Malaya in the fight against Communist guerrillas. In Malaya the Beaver came close to being a combat plane and frequently carried small combat units into guerrilla country.

The Beaver's designers never expected it to be used in war. In fact, the Beaver was de Havilland's answer to hard times brought on by the end of warplane contracts. During the war de Havilland built Mosquitos, those spectacular low-level raiders and pathfinders, plus Anson bombers and Tiger Moth trainers. After the war the company's payroll fell from eight thousand to fewer than five hundred within a month. Other aircraft manufacturers were either at a standstill or were making other products to survive. De Havilland were offered orders for everything from bicycles to plastic row boats to folding beds.

But the company decided to stay with planes. P. C. Garratt, managing director of the Canadian plant, explains: "The future wasn't any too certain but we weren't afraid of peace because by tradition de Havilland has been a civilian aircraft manufacturer. We only made warplanes at the Canadian plant in time of war."

For a long time Garratt had been pondering the need for a plane designed to serve in the Canadian north. Canadian bush pilots for years had been writing one of the most romantic chapters in the story of civilian aviation, usually with U.S., English or German planes originally intended for other work. All were land planes which had to be adapted for floats or skis with the exception of the now obsolete Noorduyn Norseman, a ship made in Montreal and, until the arrival of the Beaver, the most popular bush and forestry plane in the country.

Early in 1946 de Havilland circularized more than fifty bush pilots, including such veterans as Pat Reid, Roy Brown, Wop May, Milt Ashton, Doc Oaks, George Sandford, Fudge McPhee and Punch Dickins, the latter now sales director of the company. They were asked to list the features of the ideal bush plane.

The response was prompt and revealing. Most votes were for: Short take-off and landing ability; all-metal wings and fuselage; a large door on each side of the fuselage wide enough to take an oil drum sideways; fuel tanks in the belly instead of in the wings, to allow refueling from the dock or floats instead of having to climb on top of the wing; a square cabin for easy cargo stowing; a door on either side of the pilot's seat; a high wing to clear a dock comfortably; more glass around the pilot's seat for better visibility.

From these suggestions it was clear that the Canadian bush pilot had for years been performing heroic tasks with unsuitable equipment. De Havilland officials stress that behind all this scattered but valuable advice was the constant help of the Ontario Department of Lands and Forests, which supported the Beaver plan from the start and had promised an order for six planes if they met requirements.

The general specifications were given to W. D. Hunter, engineering director, with the urgent plea to get a plane on the test flight strip before the money gave out. The year was 1946 and the money—all the money the company had—was a million dollars.

"By the time the prototype was being finished we were close to our last dollar," says G. J. Mickleborough, secretary-treasurer of the company. "It is not true that we went into the red before receiving our first order, but we were close enough to start being extra polite to the bank manager."

When de Havilland were making warplanes Hunter had a designing and drawing staff of three hundred, and most of the original work had been done in England anyway. With a total staff of fewer than thirty he now set about designing the Beaver. "It was designed as a seaplane from the start," Hunter explains. "That is still its principal use although it does wonders as a land plane too. We built a wing section which would give lift with moderate power—the Pratt and Whitney Wasp Junior provides that. And we built the ailerons so that they could be used as flaps during take-offs, giving extra lift, as well as controlling the plane in flight."

Today the de Havilland management is inclined to forget the anxiety which pervaded the place. "There was no cause for worry," they say, "because we knew we had a winner from the start." But plant workers remember Garratt spending more time with them than in his office, watching every operation, encouraging them with a convincing display of confidence, back-slapping all and sundry, then hurrying back to his desk, perhaps to take another anxious look at the ledger. "His enthusiasm was contagious. No group of workers ever had higher morale than we had then," William Calder, service manager, recalls.

Before the prototype had been completed all senior executives took a ten percent pay cut. All other personnel worked without pay increases at a time when wages were leap-frogging in just about every industry on the continent. Many of the workers were receiving less than they had been paid during the war when de Havilland was a crown company. Today de Havilland workers are members of the UAW-CIO. Their first contract with the company was signed in September 1947, two weeks after the first Beaver came off the line.

When the prototype underwent its first inspection six medallions of St. Christopher, the patron saint of travelers, were found to have been riveted onto the plane by unknown workers as gestures of Godspeed.

One of the most amazing things in the story of the Beaver is that there has been no need for the slightest structural change from the prototype. The first Beaver was taken by British Columbia Central Airways of Prince George and is still in use.

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claims the Beaver fully loaded will take off from water in fifteen seconds or about two hundred and fifty yards; the rate of climb is given as twelve hundred feet a minute. The land model is in the air at less than two hundred yards and has a slightly higher rate of climb. But pilots pay little attention to the official claims of the manufacturer. They quickly learn that the Beaver's widely spaced floats or wheels eliminate any tendency to swerve during take-off so the throttle can be opened quickly to full power. The result is startling.

I have flown in a variety of craft during the past twenty five years, and when I climbed into a Beaver at the de Havilland plant I expected the take-off to be made the way all my others were—straight down the strip. But Beaver pilots don't waste time that way. The plane happened to be sitting at the edge of the strip; it was swung around and took off sideways across the concrete. The climb seemed to be vertical and a stall inevitable. "See how she gets up and goes," pilot George Neal gleefully shouted, then condescended to level off.

A Quebec lumber company recently asked for a demonstration. A Beaver was set down beside a river dock. With a number of the company's senior officials aboard the pilot, instead of taking off on the length of the stream in the usual way, pointed her nose at the opposite bank about seven hundred feet away, took off and cleared a high bank with several feet to spare. The manager tapped him on the shoulder and said, "You may land again—we're sold." The lumber people were looking for a freighter which could dip in and out of some tight spots in their timberland. They had found it.

For many years sheep ranchers on New Zealand's North Island had been spreading phosphates on their steep hillsides from the air to stimulate the growth of grass on which the sheep graze. Until they heard of the Beaver they used Tiger Moths, capable of dropping about two hundred tons of fertilizer a month. It was not safe to fly it as close to the ground as the ranchers would have liked, so some of the stuff was blown away by the wind. The Beaver has changed all that. Because it needs a shorter landing run it can start operations closer to the grazing lands. Its rapid rate of climb allows it practically to taxi up the hillsides. That it can fly at a mere sixty miles an hour makes for uniform application. But what delights the New Zealanders most is the ease with which it lands, loads its cargo of eighteen hundred pounds of phosphate, spreads it in less than a minute and swoops down like a bird for more. One Beaver will discharge nearly twenty two thousand pounds of phosphate in an hour, six times the amount handled by the Tiger Moth. One New Zealand pilot made his twenty thousandth landing early this year, which is thought to be a world record. The ranchers have told the de Havilland people that already many areas are supporting five sheep where one grazed before.

De Havilland next turned out modified bomb racks which carry eight hundred pounds of fence posts under the cabin and five hundred pounds under each wing. The posts are dropped along the fence lines in a few minutes where previously labor gangs spent days toiling on the slopes.

In Peru and Chile the Beaver has become a social-service plane. Both governments maintain flying clinics which serve remote island communities. The Beaver carries a doctor, a couple of nurses and everything needed for inoculation programs as well as for medical and even surgical treatment. The government of the Falkland Islands ordered a Beaver early this year to give mail and medical service to islanders in settlements along the ragged coasts.

One of the first South American buyers was a Sao Paulo man, Dr. Octavio Andrade, who wanted a plane that would carry a good-sized load, or five or six passengers, to and from his country place two hundred miles away in the hills.

Soon he received a query, in Spanish, from Gonzalo Galvis of Bucaramanga, who wanted to know just how good the Beaver was. The doctor's reply, in Portuguese, couldn't have been bettered by the de Havilland advertising department.

Galvis was interested in the short take-off and landing performance of the Beaver as the air strips he had hacked out of the jungle were small enough anyway, and in some areas the lush jungle growth is so rapid that a landing strip two hundred by thirty yards may shrink in a couple of weeks to about one hundred and fifty by twenty yards. The prospectors, miners and traders who travel eastern Colombia like to go by air, for foot travel means pack-mule convoys—convoys because the natives in that part of the country have never been broken of their habit of attacking strangers traveling in small groups. The trip through the eastern Andean foothills and lowlands from Bucaramanga is not only dangerous on foot but takes eight days to the farthest community served by Taxi Aero de Santander; by air it takes twenty minutes.

The Interprovincial Pipe Line Company uses a Beaver to keep an eye on the Edmonton-Superior oil pipeline. The plane flies the entire length of the pipeline once a week. When trouble is found at any point the Beaver can usually land a repair crew right beside the job with equipment and parts to fix things at once, and when it can't land beside the job there is always a field or road not far away.

The Hudson's Bay Co. has two Beavers which are used for routine inspection trips to the company's famed northern trading posts. In late winter prime furs can be flown to southern markets when prices are high.

The RCMP use five Beavers to patrol the Pacific and Atlantic coasts, and interior patrols based at Edmonton and Winnipeg. The Mounties use their Beavers for everything from flying courts—which often take magistrates, prosecutors, clerks and officers to prisoners—to distributing government family allowance supplies to the Eskimos.

Aerial Paper Boy

The Beaver is the favorite forestry patrol plane of the governments of British Columbia, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Ontario, Quebec and Newfoundland. And the men for whom it was originally intended—Canadian bush pilots—have more than fifty in the air winter and summer from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to Aklavik.

The New York Daily News has a Beaver for aerial photography and the Gannett string of New England papers use one for shuttling around reporters, photographers and circulation men. One of the most interesting chores of the Beaver is the actual delivering of newspapers, for the Climni Press of Tokyo. In communities off the rail, highway or regular air routes the Beaver lands on a village street or nearby field and drops off the latest edition. Remote subscribers get the news almost as quickly as people in the outskirts of Tokyo.

When the Beaver was designed the bush pilot's need to make quick and simple repairs with the minimum of hand tools was kept in mind. Pilots and mechanics are constantly surprised by the ease with which maintenance jobs can be done. A bush flier in northern Saskatchewan was having trouble replacing a battery until he read instructions more carefully and found that by releasing a little catch the battery came out on a sliding tray automatically disconnected. When Norm Davis, now company service engineer in Edmonton, visited a U.S. army flying field not long ago he found an exasperated mechanic trying to get at the hydraulic aileron pump under the pilot's seat. The man was in his second day of painstakingly removing all the rivets which fastened the seat to the floor. Davis took a screwdriver, gave a patented fastener a half twist and lifted the seat free.

In Canada there are now one hundred and twenty five Beavers in service, more than any other model of civilian plane. Late this year the one hundredth plane will come off the assembly line to fill an order placed four months previously. For more than a year the order backlog has been running ninety to a hundred planes, about four months' production. At the Beaver's average price of thirty five thousand dollars the million dollar gamble has grossed de Havilland twenty one million dollars.

This year the parent de Havilland company in England borrowed the Beaver design, fitted an English engine and is experimenting with the combination for sale to the sterling area.

Now a larger plane, the Otter, having the Beaver's nimble qualities but rated at a one ton payload, is in production. Some have already been taken by the Ontario Department of Lands and Forests and the RCAF. Late in August the Otter proved it was a worthy big brother to the Beaver when an Otter piloted by Flying Officer L. G. Dannan of Toronto made a hazardous landing in a shallow, sand-barred lake in northern Alberta and took off with the eight man crew of an RCAF Lancaster bomber which had crashed and burned in the wild muskeg country.

But it isn't expected that the larger plane will dim the Beaver's lustre. Col. J. Swenson, chief of air operations, U.S. Eighth Army, says: "The Beaver is the only utility plane we have ever had which lived up to advance notices in every way." The delivery of a new Beaver to Bucaramanga is always the occasion for a community party; not every new owner responds with the Latin exuberance of Gonzalo Galvis, but most of them understand how he feels. ★

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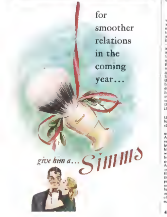


She's Special, That One...

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

seemed to skip a notch and losing intensity took on a sudden conversational lightness — "Arthur couldn't have Ever I don't mean now—at first either He's been a capable good man in the work—not quite hard enough perhaps. Paradise Valley isn't the only reserve he's worked on, you know There have been others. We were twenty years on the first—Johnson Reserve We were back there two years ago It had changed Since Arthur's time there. I wish you could have seen them crowd around him—the older ones—to shake his hand" She paused a moment "They were—they're very fond of him" She said this as though it were a negligible and unimportant bit of information "Their baseball team—they had a baseball game for us. The team had been undefeated for three years Arthur had taught them to play—their fathers twenty years before They'd learned well not just batting and pitching and—the terms you know kill the umpire—he's got a glass arm Arthur was very pleased He has a good record with the department It's not brilliant or—it's a good record" She drew a deep breath the full bosom swelling she released it audibly "He will retire next spring I intend him to finish without a blemish on his record I think he has at least that coming to him, don't you?"

For a moment he did not realize that she had ended on a question When he did, he nodded

"And I'll do anything I can to make certain he does! Anything!"

"I understand," Carlyle said to her

"Do you? Do you? Can you?"

"Yes."

"You haven't spent most of your life with these people You haven't fought your way through red tape and departmental lethargy and—and—the inattention—had your high purpose and unselfish dedication ignored! You haven't ended up helplessly—fruitlessly—looked back to see that you've done nothing! A minor cog in a civil service machine—without effect—worked all those years without any effect at all—unnoticed—spit in the wind! I don't think—perhaps twenty years from now you might understand then—but not now! When you're tired sick and tired very very tired and you know that you that it didn't matter if you had lived or died—done everything—done utterly nothing that you could have been added—subtracted—multiplied, still your effect would be the same—not the slightest difference to the lives of these people! Then! When it was too late to know!"

He saw with embarrassed disbelief that two clear tears were slowly reluctantly sliding down her broad cheeks

"There's the pepper, boy—kill the umpire two down and one to go! Arthur had to buy them their first bat and ball When they needed uniforms he didn't have the money to spare on his department salary He went out the way they went out with their begging letters to the town businessmen He got the uniforms by begging for them And now that's the only thing the only proof that he ever worked for them! A game!" She almost spat out the word with her contempt "The pitcher's got a glass arm He retires next fall and there will be a banquet for him and a good watch perhaps Quite unheeding of the drying tears on her cheeks, she stared at him Her face suddenly tightened with intensity almost as fierce as that preceding a blow "He's going to get his banquet! At least he shall get that! I'm telling you because he shall!"

"Of course," Carlyle managed "That's how it will be"

He saw her relax her broad gypsy face softened "Thank you. I shall depend on your forbearance till then Arthur has to have a successor I have a great deal to say how he—whom he will recommend"

So there had been as great surprise a year later when Fyfe on his last visit before Sheridan's retirement had asked Carlyle if he would care to make application for the post. There were others ahead of him the supervisor explained with greater seniority—but the situation was unique. The reserve was small and could not actually support both teacher and agent Sheridan had convinced Fyfe and others that he had a natural bent for handling Indians had already spent two years in Paradise Valley and was familiar with the reserve and its people In the light of these considerations and Sheridan's recommendation Fyfe was advising Ottawa to appoint Carlyle agent

ASPECT

Mirror, mirror on the wall,
 I'm not afraid of you at all

I've lost my figure plus my youth
 And reconciled myself to truth.

Unperturbed my passing glance
 At your cold and bleak
  expanse

I've even stood my ground and
  stared —
 My vision also is impaired!

May Richstone

The appointment with its increase in salary came through just a week after the banquet honoring Sheridan's thirty-five years service to the Indian cause. The Reverend Mr Dingle returned solemn and kindly phrases to long and faithful work in the vineyard other officials spoke their pieces. An old chief made a brief address through an interpreter the latter had been a complete surprise to Sheridan he had been brought in from the Johnson Reserve where Arthur had gone as a young agent more than thirty years before. The Indians each spoke of the baseball team which had begun under Sheridan and now held the Junior League championship of the northern part of the province

At the end of the ceremony he was presented with a gold watch by Fyfe with an elk hide fringed jacket, beaded gloves and slippers a good-luck pouch redolent of Paradise Valley sweet grass Sanders the doctor had got very drunk and after singing the Volga Boatmen up to his tuxedo waist in the tepid water of the bathtub in Fyfe's room had lost himself in the recesses of hotel corridors. He was discovered finally in a broom closet by the third floor chambermaid coming on duty at six o'clock the next morning

The larger agency house had been boarded up and was unoccupied after the Sheridans' departure forever from Paradise Valley Grace had asked to stay on in the log house a request which Fyfe had granted without comment or surprise. The dispensary cabinets had been moved from the old house and into their own kitchen. The tapping came at the back door morning and afternoon and evening callers for green liniment and for white liniment, cough medicine for the baby and for the adult, ginger to make hot infusions for chills mustard and belladonna plasters teen aged girls in threes and fives and dozens wanting the flat boxes filled with unguent of roses to scent and beautify them for the young men in the lantern-lit interior of the dancing tent.

"Aspirin please Mr Sinclair"

"Drops for the earache, Mr Sinclair"

"Grease for the baby—sat in the campfire Mr Sinclair"

"Proud flesh on this wire cut the horse got—lots of peroxide please Mr Sinclair"

His forms and records and monthly reports had tripled with his new position a full day at the end of each month was necessary to take care of them. In the first week of his new duties he had sent for MacLean Powderface

"How many head of cattle here, MacLean?"

MacLean's eyes lifted to the kitchen ceiling. He calculated for several moments eyes lowered forehead contracted mouth pursed head beginning to jerk. Ah huh huh huh— His tongue popped free "'Bout a hundred"

"All right," said Carlyle "I want you to get a crew together—repair the fence on the hold up field—then run them in"

MacLean nodded violent agreement

"I want them counted in and I want them counted out"

He had finally gotten together his own crew and in three weeks had the fence repaired The count showed eighty-eight head The same day he made an inventory of the contents of the blacksmith shop Not a tenth of the tools in Sheridan's old list were there. He told MacLean and Herbert Tailfeather to replace the missing boards with the lumber the department had finally supplied, gave them the padlock he ordered for the door When he checked a week later, the shop was still gaping with holes there was no padlock assembled "They figure with you on everything" he told Grace "You pay them go they have own sweet way—every time!"

He sent for MacLean

"MacLean, how much do you get for doing what you do around here?"

"Huh—huh huh—twenty a month."

"I see. Well, I want that tool shop fixed up. We're going to fix up a lot of things around here in time."

"That's right Mr Sinclair"

"I mean it! And it's your job to get crews together and see that they work at it."

"It's hard to get them to do anything Mr Sinclair They say they will help then they ..."

"I haven't been agent very long here MacLean and I'm sizing things up."

"They sort of forgot Mr Sinclair Also they don't work so good unless they get paid for it."

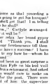
"It will pay them later."

"Sure—that's what I tell them all the time They don't see it."

"They will. Now the way I've been sizing things up I think you're getting paid twenty dollars a month and you're not doing what you're getting paid twenty dollars a month for."

"I do my best."

"It isn't good enough," Carlyle said shortly "I'm getting the department to increase it to sixty dollars a month and I'm going to find out there must MacLean I asked for that shop to be fixed up weeks ago. I asked for the hold up field to be fenced up a long time. I'm now looking for three



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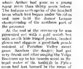

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men to help me run this reserve that will get things done. I'm beginning to think perhaps you won't be one of them."

By late afternoon the next day the blacksmith shop had been repaired; the new padlock hung from the door.

Grace and Carlyle began to visit with the families around them; at every opportunity he talked cattle with the men, asked their advice. He recommended, with Fyfe's approval, that their bulls be sold and new ones bought. By late winter he had received a requisition for posts and rails to be paid out to those Indians willing to go cutting the rails to be used for the repair of the agency fences. He had made plans for summer following, explaining to Herbert and MacLean and Wayne Lefthand, his three lieutenants, that if it were not done there would be no cheques for that month or for any month until the summer following was done.

Their life in tepees bothered him; several times he had suggested to MacLean and Herbert that there was no reason they shouldn't cut logs and build themselves houses. He knew by their eyes that they were filled with utter incomprehension and he cast about vainly in his mind for some way of persuading them to action. When he crowded MacLean about the building of a log house the Indian explained that it was probably a good thing, but that he and his family felt a building would be unhealthy for them.

"Why?"

"Well — stuffy — they're kind of stuffy for us—used to the tent. Kids would get colds and coughs out of bein' stuffy. I—hu-hoh-suh-neh-slep' in bunkhouses lots. Kind of like a heavy weight down on top of your chest. Couldn't sleep worth a damn. Couldn't breathe good and loose."

He dropped it then; there was resistance in them all that was going to take time and planning to overcome. MacLean seemed genuinely contrite that he could not accommodate Carlyle by building a log cabin, as though to soften the new agent's disappointment he put in a garden the following spring. Mrs. Powderface and Catone and Toots cultivated it throughout the summer. In the fall MacLean came to Carlyle with concern on his face. He had a tremendous crop of carrots and turnips—eighty bushels of potatoes.

"We got no place for all this stuff," he said to Carlyle. "Leave it outside it's gonna freeze—put it inside this winter no room for us in the tent and we're gonna freeze."

Carlyle suggested that he store his vegetables in the agency root house. When winter's hard times struck the band and there was no work for any of them with the neighboring ranches, more and more called on MacLean to borrow a few potatoes or carrots. MacLean was generous at first, then began charging them against future earnings, scratching their accounts on the root house door with a nail. The following spring more than a dozen gardens were planted and more or less cared for; the root house was filled to the roof; that fall the dispensary did a roaring business in diarrhea mixture as adult and infant stomachs, familiar with only beans and bannock and elk, cramped on the steady diet of foreign and health giving vegetables.

The change that Carlyle had wrought in two years brought him praise from Fyfe, from Dingle, particularly from Dr. Sanders.

"Get them into houses, Sinclair," the doctor said often. "Get a hospital here and you've really done something."

"If we could get them to come to us," Dingle said, "to have their alliances solemnized. If only I could persuade some of them, then the others would follow."

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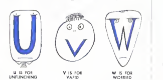

U IS FOR UNFLINCHING

V IS FOR VAPID

W IS FOR WORRIED

There had been one major change in Carlyle's class of children the fall before the Sheridens' departure: Hugh began to attend. He was familiar now with the sight of his son's white face turned up to him among the dark ones, the fair hair and direct blue eyes startled him no more in unguarded moments, though now and again he would be visited at wider and wider intervals by the unsettling perception of his boy as a pale variant, abnormal and unique. From the first day of his attendance Hugh had been isolated by the others, although the older children had a sketchy command of English; those his own age and at school for the first time had none. The first week he had stayed in the schoolroom at recess time, thus creating an expectant sort of suspense each day between himself seated at his desk and his father at the front of the room, drawn to him but helpless to do anything for him now that the child had entered the pupil world, a world that must touch that of his father teacher only at the permitted lesson points. When he told Hugh that he had better go outside with the others the child went obediently, only to stand apart, watching the Indian boys at play, the girls crouched over the willow-stick game.

Grace did not seem to share his concern for Hugh. "It will work out, dear," she told him.

"But it's rough on him in the meantime."

"Perhaps. I don't think it'll do him any great harm. He'll be all right—eventually. Children have a common meeting ground. He isn't going to need any adult help."

The trouble, of course, was that he could not be sure that he wished his child to mix with them, become one of them, and yet he could not see ahead any halfway point where his son might be free of isolation and yet not [illegible] but his mind always shied away deliberately, turned elsewhere to relieve itself of the tension of the problem.

In school work he saw with satisfaction the ease with which his son managed the primary lessons. In only one area did he fail to lead the rest of his group. When they worked at their desks with crayons or when Carlyle sent them to the board with colored chalk, Hugh's awkward and ill proportioned efforts were disgraceful beside the exquisite drawings of the Indian children. This creative disparity did not worry his father, for after all it was not a talisman of intelligence or of character any more than the Indian children's skill in the saddle, the Chicken dance, or the art of roping.

Through the west window of the schoolroom he often watched the children, his eyes on Hugh standing apart. The boy seemed entranced by the Chicken-dance play and the others bouncing jauntily around the old wash tub ringing to the beating sticks. For several days Carlyle saw him throughout morning and afternoon recess, mouth partly open, eyes rapt as he stared. In the first week of October Carlyle glanced through the window, failed to see Hugh at his usual place on the edge of the dancing children, then caught a glimpse of a fair head at the end of the Prairie Chicken train. His son's head was forward, face turned upward like the rest, his right hand held a twig to his rump for the prairie chicken tailfeathers, elbows were crooked into quivering wings, his shoes stuttered among the dancing moccasins. How in hell had the child picked it up so quickly? Carlyle quickly recalled the days of intent watching, he imagined private periods of awkward rehearsal and practice in secret. It would only take moments for the swift sure beat of the sticks to set the rhythm for uncertain feet. Confused by shocked wonderment, all this passed through his mind in the few seconds he stood at the window; then he had slammed from the room and run across the school ground so swiftly that he had not caught the attention of a single childish drummer, dancer or singer. Almost a complete round of the dance went on after he had grabbed Hugh by the shoulder, yanked him from the dancing circle.

Back in the schoolroom his son looked up to him with startled eyes innocent of understanding.

"No more of that, Hugh!" His voice was harsh. "You understand? It's not for you! I don't want you to do it any more!"

Eyes wide with astonishment the boy was wordless. Carlyle felt his anger deepen with a new feeling of frustrated helplessness. It was as though his son's wondering face asked him for an explanation he was unable to give.

"What made you do that? What made you ... why did you ..."

"They invited me."

"What?"

"Toots—Howard asked me if I wanted. So I did. I could do it. I did it." The wonderment had left his face now, his eyes sparkled as though he remembered again the high ululating

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excitement of the song in his ears, the drum fierce in his blood.

"How did they ask you? Which one?"

"Howard."

"Howard can't speak English. Howard—how could he—how could he ask you!"

"Not speaking."

"Then how?"

A faint frown wrinkled the boy's forehead and it was his turn to helplessly find an explanation for his father. "Like—I just ... the way we do."

"Do what?"

"With his eyes ... like that." He was silent, evidently assessing the adequacy of the explanation. "Anyway I know. Before Toots and did I want to dance."

"I see." Carlyle looked away; he saw that the enamel alarm clock on his desk had ticked ten minutes past the end of the recess period. "No more, son," he said in a normal voice.

"Shouldn't I?"

"No." It was a flat and forbidding negative, carried no softness.

"Is it wrong?"

"I don't want you to."

"Is there anything wrong with it?" Hugh persisted.

"I don't want you to and that's enough."

"Shouldn't they?"

"Shouldn't they what?"

"Toots and Howard—shouldn't the others do it—aren't you going to let them either do it?"

"It's all right for them. It's not for you. Take your seat. No—" he held out the bell. "Ring this for me."

HUGH'S face lighted with pleasure and Carlyle realized that this was the first time he had given his son the honor of calling the children in from play. God, how did he explain to him! How did he go about telling the boy! With his eyes—like that! She'd been right. Perhaps she could straighten this out. If she was so clever about these things, then perhaps she had an answer for this one!

Grace had no answer; she failed utterly to see any problem at all.

"You were worried because he wasn't one of them before—now you're upset because he's mixing with them."

"But he doesn't have to—he—I don't want him dancing with them—doing that sort of thing!"

"If that's the way they play then he'll have to join them—"

"Well he's not!"

"Then you're back to the same situation—you seemed to think it was rough on him before. I would think it still was!"

"It is! It would be!"

"Perhaps, Car—perhaps you'd better work on it from the Indian children first."

"How?"

"If they didn't dance, then perhaps Hugh could play with them and it wouldn't bother you. Are you going to stop them from dancing?"

"I don't see how I ..."

"You might ask the department for sports equipment ... bat ... ball ... you might get them interested in something else besides dancing."

The department had supplied him with the equipment; he had explained softball to them; inside of one week the dancing was forgotten; even the youngest of them—boys and girls—had the unerring eye. Their pitchers got no chance to throw them more than one ball. He seldom saw a foul struck; the infallible bat connected squarely with every pitch.

By Christmas tests there was no doubt that Toots Powderface and Victoria Rider were his most gifted pupils. In Grade Four now they stood first and second in their class. Toots seemed to have grown little in three years; in the last year Victoria had shot up; still slender and breastless she had lost some of her pallor, her freckles not quite as startling. She still showed her white blood in her skin color and in the fineness of cheekbone and chin. She did not seem to have quite reached the giggling point in maturity and boy interest the other fourteen-year-old girls showed.

On his visits Fyfe never failed to ask Carlyle for a special report on her progress.

"She's special, that one," Fyfe said frequently and Carlyle agreed with him.

Her name came up during Fyfe's last fall visit before Christmas and just after Sanders had been through with the X-ray.

"Did the Riders get X-rayed?"

Carlyle nodded. "There were only fifteen out of the works." As he spoke he remembered the Indians staring at the mobile unit before the school; he saw Sanders taking off his jacket and shirt to stand before the machine in a vain effort to convince them that it was harmless. "Riders were one family. Powderfaces except for MacLean were another."

"What did Victoria's X-ray show?"

"All right," said Carlyle. "She used to have an anaemic condition but Sanders says that's pretty well cleared up now. Susan's a good mother. I think they try to speak English at home. Her brother Wesley who started this fall seems to understand. There was something I wanted to suggest about Victoria and Toots Powderface."

"Yes?"

"I think they could both manage Four and Five this year. They're through the Four reader, the arithmetic—I'd like to start them on Five after Christmas."

Fyfe was silent as he contemplated Carlyle's suggestion. "They likely to move any time?"

"No. MacLean sticks close to the reserve to get his sixty a month. The Riders—I could talk with Susan and though it might mean sacrifice I rather think she would make the effort to stay till the end of the spring term. Isaiah doesn't care much one way or the other, but Susan's determined and I think Susan pretty well runs the family. We—Grace and I have been taking a special interest in Victoria—a little more interest. She's cleaning the boards for me—sweeping the schoolroom—starting the fires."

"A girl!"

"I've tried the men—the older boys—it was a mess. Victoria's done it the past term. We pay her a dollar a week. I'd like to see Victoria ..." He stopped, not quite willing to confide in Fyfe his plans for the girl. More and more his thoughts had been directed toward Victoria's future. "I want her to go on as long as we can manage it."

"Fine, fine," said Fyfe. "Suppose you try her out in Five with the Powderface boy. I'll help all I can."

When the supervisor had left Carlyle told Grace; he told her also of how he hoped to get Victoria through Grade Nine and then, if Susan were willing, have her sent to residential school to finish her high school.

"She's good, Grace—she's very good. If ... I don't see why she couldn't make it. I want her to go to university or into some kind of training—nursing perhaps. She can do it! She can do it!"

Next Issue: CHAPTER FIVE

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Round Trip To Eternity

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

"I'll get her," I thought. What made me think that I would be able to stir my emaciated legs, set my foot on the carpet, walk? I only recall that I knew I could and I was right because in spite of the thick fog which filled my room I walked without the slightest effort all the way to the cupboard where my clothes hung. Just before I reached it my hand touched my own body and I discovered with some surprise that I was already dressed. I recognized the shaggy overcoat I had bought in London for travel in bad weather. Looking down I discovered that I had my shoes on and that I was standing not on a floor but on rough paving. In what state of somnambulism had I gone through the motions which pulled me out of bed, dressed me, carried me out of doors? I was too excited to think back. The thing that was positive and wonderful was the fact that I wasn't dead—not even ill. What town was I in? Paris? The yellowish fog looked more like London. Protecting my face with outstretched hands against unseen objects I took a few steps and tried to come to solid surface. From a distance I heard the majestic bellowings of boat whistles. The air seemed sharp and salty like the ocean. What port was this?

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light. He turned it on me, then on himself and I saw that he was in uniform but not the uniform of a French policeman or of an English bobby. It looked more like the tunic of an American pilot. He grasped me not roughly by the shoulders and steered me to the left.

"Go straight ahead and you'll find the field," he said.

I gathered that he was talking about an airfield. It was odd that he took it for granted that I wanted to go there and that I, for my part, should be making a plane trip so soon after getting up from a serious illness. I simply said "Thanks, officer" and followed his directions.

Was the fog lifting or were my eyes getting used to it? I don't know but I began to distinguish other figures. All were going my way. Little by little the crowd increased until finally we formed a kind of procession. We walked quickly because everybody sensed without knowing why (at least that was the way with me) that he ought to get there soon. But it became harder and harder to move forward and the road itself seemed to become narrower.

"Don't push me," a woman said. Her voice sounded old.

"I wasn't pushing you," I said. "I'm being pushed myself."

"Then stay in line like the others and take your turn."

I stopped short, which hurtled my bag (for at that point I was carrying a bag) against the legs of the man behind me. I turned around. The fog was lifting. Clearly I saw the resentful face of a Negro in a pink, open-necked shirt. He was young and handsome.

"Pardon me, sir," he said acidly, sarcastically, with a stage bow. "Pardon my black legs which knocked against your white suitcase."

"You know I didn't do it on purpose."

"Excuse me, sir," he said with overlarge, derisive gestures. "Excuse me. It won't happen again."

Ahead of me now was a great column of people—several thousand travelers. In the distance loomed buildings, an observation tower, hangars. Far away I heard motors turning over. Sirens called repeatedly. A freshening wind swept low dramatic clouds in front of it, tearing them open from time to time.

From this point on we moved extremely slowly. The woman ahead of me turned round and I noticed that she had grey hair wrapped around her head and Irish eyes that were soft and beautiful. She was not angry with me any more and even smiled. She seemed to say, "This is unpleasant but you and I are the right kind and can take it." After an hour in line she began to waver.

"I got up so early," she said. "I'm absolutely exhausted."

"Sit on my suitcase," I said.

As I set it down it struck me as being extraordinarily light.

"Good Lord," I said. "I've forgotten my fountain pen and slippers."

I left her and rushed back to the town. Why did I hurry so? Who was waiting for me? I didn't know the answers.

JUST HOW did I find my way through that strange town? How was it that I occupied a room in a small hotel near the harbor? Streetcars passed under my window with a grinding sound, electric signs winked alternately bright and dark. I discovered my fountain pen on a table, my slippers under the bed. I threw them into my bag along with books and papers, a razor, a dressing gown and rushed out again. A monster bus drew up alongside a quay patrolled by military and shore police, each man with a revolver tucked into his white leather belt. I jumped into the bus. Eventually it deposited me at the extreme end of a long pink and grey column of humanity drawn up in front of the airport grille.

Once again I underwent the torment of moving up step by step. When after two hours I got within range of the wicket I discovered why the approach had been so slow. The field could only be reached through a narrow opening manned by a gatekeeper so that over the last hundred yards what had been a column of people was spun out single file. Finally even these frittered down to six persons. At long last I could see the face of the gatekeeper, an incorruptible kind of bell man such as every big company can use. Three. Two. One. It was my turn. I stood alone in front of the bell man.

"What line?" he asked.

"You mean there is more than one?"

"Of course," he said patiently. "The Catholic Line. The Anglican Line. The Presbyterian Line. The Baptist Line. The Mormon Line."

"Do your lines correspond to confessionals?"

"Hurry up," he said. "What line?"

"Look," I said, "supposing the passenger has no religion. Have you an Agnostic Line?"

"Yes," he said, taken aback, "but I don't recommend it to you. It's a small line which is brand new and badly organized. You'll only have trouble on it. If you really want to play down the confessional angle try the Unitarian Line. It's clean, modern, well kept."

The crowd behind me began to murmur. "Some people," observed a little old man, "like to chatter at the ticket window and keep the whole world waiting on their pleasure."

I flushed and said to the gatekeeper, "I'll travel Unitarian."

"Main Building, Wing S. Next."

AS THE gatekeeper had told me, the Unitarian Line seemed comfortable and well run. An atmosphere of efficiency emanated from its polished wood counters, filing cabinets full of posters borne by multi-colored riders, maps on which tiny plane models were pinned. Cubist signs which reiterated "Travel Unitarian" and beautiful girls in black uniforms who welcomed the travelers. One of them came over to me and asked, "Have you your exit visa?"

"No. What visa? I didn't know."

She sighed, then said painstakingly, "You must see Mr. Frazer."

Mr. Frazer, a vigorous fellow dressed in black, put me in mind of one of those athletic chaplains you meet in American universities. Though his cordiality was professional it also seemed authentic.

"We are happy, very happy—to have you with us," he said. "Our clients are our friends, our friends are our clients. More and more intellectual people are traveling Unitarian."

"That, of course, is what I want to do," I said, "but this young lady has asked for my exit visa."

"You can't leave without it. You certainly can't. Get your exit visa straightened out and we'll do the rest."

"But where do I apply for it? What's my next move?"

Just then the buzzer sounded on his desk. "Excuse me for a moment, please."

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he said and picked up the right-hand telephone. "Yes, doctor," he said. "Ten more . . . Well, well, doctor, you keep us busy . . . But they will be taken care of . . . Yes, doctor, I promise."

He hung up the right-hand telephone and seized the left-hand one, which in turn was buzzing.

"Fifty?" he said. "Very well, colonel . . . I understand . . . What rank? Just simple soldiers. I understand . . . We'll try to put them through in a group . . . Thanks for having thought of me, colonel. Always at your disposal . . . My regards, colonel."

After that he talked on both phones at once and I thought I heard my name. "What, you can't pass him this afternoon? But of course he's in a hurry. Why? You know perfectly well, Franck, the usual story. Toward four? All right. Thanks, Franck. I'll do as much for you some day."

Then, turning a condescending look on me, he said, "Go to Building B, Wing I, Room Number 3451 and ask for Mr. Franck who will examine you. Of course you'll have to wait your turn, but he'll put you through this afternoon. He promised me he would. Please don't fail. We will be very happy to have you with us."

The girl in the black uniform drew near. Mr. Frazer stood up, dismissing me.

I HAD great trouble in finding Building B. To reach it I had to follow a narrow track across muddy ground. Once again the yellowish fog had taken possession of the land. A crowd of distraught travelers stumbled around me.

The building was a skyscraper. Automatically its elevator bore me to the thirty-fourth floor. In front of Room 3454 was a queue of men and women. With resignation I joined it. This time it was a twofold operation. In the shadowy outer corridor the people stood. When they finally penetrated the anteroom of Mr. Franck they settled into some twenty armchairs. A ground glass panel separated them from the inspector who from time to time summoned the next one. Then the nearest armchair occupant got up and all the others moved up one notch. The woman ahead of me was young. She wore a beaver coat and kept wiping her eyes. When her turn finally came it took only a minute or two. As she went out she seemed somewhat comforted. Behind the ground glass panel the voice said "Next."

I went in. On the far side of a bleached wood table sat a man in shirt-sleeves. His face was fat but intelligent. It gave me confidence to look at it. Mechanically I put my bag on the table and began to tinker with the locks. But he smiled.

"No," he said. "I am not interested in your luggage. My job is to find out what you are bringing with you in the way of memories, attachments, passions."

"How can the law control . . . ?"

"That's just it. The law allows you a limited amount of memories and they must be minor ones. What's your age?"

"Sixty-five."

He consulted a table and noted down a figure.

"At your age," he said, "your quota is reduced. You are entitled to one ounce of sensuality, some intellectual interest, one or two family ties tempered by a well-developed egotism and that's about all. Kindly glance over this list of forbidden feelings and tell me if you have anything to declare."

"Burning ambition. No. I have no burning ambition. I may have hoped for honors in the past but after I received a few I realized that there was not much to them. That's all over."

"Very good," he said. "How about lust for power?"

"Anything but. I'm terrified of power. I believe that the man who leads is actually the man who is led, prisoner of his office and his party. I would hate to be responsible for actions which I may not have wanted to make."

"Very good. But perhaps you are too attached to your profession. According to your label you are a playwright. Don't you feel that you could and should write one more play—the best one?"

"Unhappily no. I know I can't. I tried last year when I still believed in myself. I produced a monstrosity. No. That's over."

"So you acknowledge it?"

"Yes, my work is finished. It's worth what it's worth. I'm prepared to be judged on its merits."

"Very good. Excellent. Now how about wealth—a fortune?"

"I never took much stock in it. Anyway, there are no fortunes nowadays."

"No mistresses?"

"No one in the past fifteen years but my wife, Donatienne. You see, I married very late."

"You love her?"

"With all my heart."

"Really, how you can say. 'With all my heart' is not an expression which is permissible in our line of business. Come on, you love her physically? Affectionately? Intellectually?"

"In every way."

"As much as the first day?"

"More than the first day."

A shadow crossed Inspector Franck's face. "I'm extremely sorry," he said, "under the circumstances I cannot give you your visa."

"But I wish to go."

"You say so, but who would want to quit a world in which such a precious person was left behind?"

"You don't understand," I said angrily. "It's on her account that I want to go. For the last three months I've been nothing but a burden to her. I can't go on spoiling her life. I've got to go."

Franck shook his head.

"I'm sorry," he said. "We never issue visas to men who have retained such passionate attachments. We know them. You save a seat for them, depriving the next one, and at the last moment they walk out on you and the seat is no good to anybody."

I visualized myself thrown out into the pea-soup fog, in the midst of a sullen muttering crowd, into the iron grinding of the streets of the unknown town. I visualized myself wandering with my suitcase, knocked out by weariness, aimless, without hope or strength.

"For God's sake," I said, "give me a break. You seem so understanding a person. You must realize how, after so much suffering, I want to escape to a new world. I'm tired. Let me rest. If I still harbor feelings that are too intense, let me rid myself of them through absence or through the passage of time. Don't throw me out into the dark."

Mr. Franck's beady eyes, underscored by puffy circles, gazed into mine pityingly. With an odd rocking gesture he depressed his lower lip with his pencil.

"What you need," he said in learned tones, "is a transit visa for Limbo. But unfortunately that's not up to me."

"Then who does it depend on?"

"On the CCC. The Commission of Coma and Catalepsy."

"Good, good. Where do they hang out?"

"It's in a small isolated building situated near the southeast corner of the field." He looked at his watch. "But you'll never get there before it closes."

"So what should I do?"

"Go back to town and come back tomorrow."

"I haven't the strength."

"Yes, you have, yes, you have. You just think that. It can last ten days, twenty days. Next."

THUS I found myself in a sad marshy country doubly invaded by fog and night. Once again I groped along, almost feeling my way toward the exit, wandering among ghosts. Again a clanging streetcar bore me to my overheated room where winking electric signs and the roar of trains kept me sleepless. Dawn was a nightmare, humid and suffocating. At its first signs I took up my bag and dragged myself toward the field. By arriving at this inhuman hour I had hoped to be one of the first to go through. But others had evidently had the same thought and the line was longer than ever. When finally after three hours I arrived at the entrance I said to the gatekeeper in the voice of an old hand at the game, "You've seen me before."

"What line?" he said.

"Unitarian."

He let me through. I now had to find the CCC office. "Southeast corner of the field," Franck had said. I took my bearings as best I could. The sun was veiled but a faint, diffused glow indicated its probable direction. I crossed spongy flats where unprosperous reeds grew, past stunted trees where slimy things crawled. Finally I saw a lone standing building of red brick upon which three letters stood out in white: CCC. The pavilion was small, mediocre, administration minded, rather like a departmental public works office in a coastal town. With new despair I saw that even in this out-of-the-way corner a great number of applicants were already lined up at the entrance. Many of them were children. Some were crying.

I shall not describe this new period of waiting, for I had lost all ability to complain or suffer. When my turn came I found myself sitting at a small table facing a young girl in a blue-grey uniform. She was not beautiful or even pretty. Her hair was arranged without attempt to please. But as she dealt with the man ahead of me I was struck by her speed and competence. She at least was not one of those bureaucrats who take pleasure in building up the negative aspects of a situation.

"You say you have seen Mr. Franck? Did he give you something for me?"

"Yes, here it is."

"Hm. I see. In other words you're asking for a temporary entry permit. How long do you think it will take you to . . . we won't say forget, but to unbind this tie? Twenty years? Thirty years?"

"I don't know," I said. "At my age . . ."

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"You have no age any more. Ten years perhaps?"

Swiftly she filled in a form, made me sign it, steered me toward an old man who was seated in the centre of the hall.

"Mr. Commissioner," she said, "this is a Temporary from Mr. Franck. His papers are in order." The man signed without reading, affixed a stamp and a date.

"Now hurry to Mr. Franck," the girl said in a friendly way. "It's three o'clock already and the office closes at four."

"Run," she said, but I could hardly move my aching legs. Outside I saw that the mist was thicker than ever. Soon I lost my way, stumbled into a clump of reeds and fell full length. I got up covered with mud, shaking all over and so unnerved that it took me several hours to find Building B. It was closed.

"You must go back to town and return tomorrow," the porter said.

But I was so exhausted that, under cover of fog and darkness, I slipped behind a building where I spent the night in a tuft of weeds under a cart. I woke up shivering, crippled with pain. For the first time since the beginning of this lamentable pilgrimage the sun was shining. It seemed very high and I looked at my watch. It was past twelve o'clock. Presumably I had not dozed off until dawn and had overslept. I hastily regained the front of the building and saw a line of men and women so long that the guards had had to divide it up into sections.

Followed the interminable wait, the snail-like advance, the torture of hearing the hours strike. One. Two. The halt at the elevator. Three. Four. No hope. The return to town, the infernal night, the morning expedition, the delay at the gate, the wait in front of Building B. At last, the slow advance down the hall of the thirty-fourth floor. 3451, 3452, 3453, 3454. Slow progress from armchair to armchair. "Next." At long last I re-entered the office of Mr. Franck.

"So it's you!" he said. "Have you that visa?"

"Yes," I said, collapsing into a chair. "Yes. Here it is."

He looked at it, first benevolent and gratified, then more attentively and with displeasure.

"But why didn't you come yesterday?" he asked. "This visa's not valid any more."

"What do you mean, not valid?"

"The CCC visas are only good for twenty-four hours. Why? Search me. It's the rule. Run quick to their office and ask to have it extended. They'll grant that right away."

At this rage seized me. I saw in my mind's eye the marshes, the mud, the distances, the senseless delays. Regardless of the imposing setting, fearless of the twenty-odd people who could hear me from the anteroom, I shouted frantically, "That's enough! Yes, I've had enough of being shunted from office to office, from bureaucrat to bureaucrat, from visa to visa. You've made a fool of me once too often. I've been through enough. Enough! Enough! Enough! If it's that hard I don't want to go any more."

I pounded my fist on Mr. Franck's table. He looked alarmed and rightly so, as I had literally gone crazy with rage.

"I don't want to go! I don't want to go!"

Franck called his secretary. They seized me by the shoulders and expelled me from his office. Two guards, attracted by the commotion, hurried up, took charge of me and threw me out of the building. Free, I began to run across country shouting, "I don't want to go!"

Travelers gathered around me. Some tried to reason with me, but I refused to listen. "I don't want to go!"

I hurled myself toward an unexpected clearing. The wind suddenly became lighter and salty. Two beacons pierced the gloom. From what coast did they shine? Far away I heard the sound of the sea.

"I don't want to go any more . . ."

The beacons drew closer. Were they fires? Or eyes? They were eyes—the tender, agonized eyes of my wife Donatienne.

"I don't want to go any more," I told her more faintly.

"DOCTOR," she said, "he said something."

"Then he's saved," came the scratchy voice of Dr. Galtier.

The last filaments of mist clung to the curtains. Familiar outlines of furniture stood out clearly against the new-found light. On the walls, the colors of paintings glowed again and near me, almost in my eyes, shone the eyes of Donatienne, moist, proud, infinitely tender. ★

Kid in the Klondike

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

traveling. Business was at an absolute standstill. Mr. Mitchell told me that it was generally understood that Charlie got all his meat from the dead horses in Dead Horse Canyon and that was likely the cause of my illness.

When the storm was over it was almost impossible to find our outfits. We had never imagined we would have to contend with snow in such quantities. Most of the outfits were completely covered and we had to go along tramping down the snow and examining the various dumps until we came to our own.

Now, before we leave the westward side of the pass I want to tell of an event that occurred while we were on the trail that cast a shadow of gloom over the travelers on both trails, the Dyea Trail and the Skagway Trail. On Sunday, April 3, 1898, on the Dyea Trail at a place called Sheep Camp, without a moment's warning an immense mass of snow came rushing with a fearful roar from a steep mountainside, choking off a long stretch of the trail and burying alive some seventy people including one woman. The catastrophe caused a tremendous surge of sympathy among the men of the trail and all thoughts of getting over were forgotten so everybody went to work digging. Seven men were taken out alive, some of whom died later, and about sixty bodies.

Nearly everybody in the outside world knew someone who was on his way to the Klondike so this was big news. Among those on the trail at that time was a young fellow of about twenty-one named Bert E. Collyer. Bert afterwards became well known as owner and publisher of Collyer's Weekly and the Referee in Chicago. He was born in Guelph and I had known him when we were kids. He was a natural newshound and when the Sheep Camp calamity happened he immediately recognized its news value. He had a working agreement with the Hearst Syndicate so he went right down to the wharf, chartered a steamship, got all the available news that could be had at the time, then jumped aboard and was on his way to Victoria.

There was no cable up the Alaska coast and no telegraph lines north of Vancouver, so there was no other way of getting news to what we called the outside world except by mail, which was slow and very uncertain.

When the ship arrived in Victoria Bert immediately went to the various telegraph offices, placed a copy of the Bible in front of the operator and told him to start transmitting it to some place not too far away. Having tied up all the telegraph lines that way he got into the last remaining office and started to send his story of the Chilkoot Slide to the San Francisco Examiner. The result was that the Examiner had the story on the streets long before anybody else had heard anything about it. It was a great newspaper scoop.

Now to go back to where we left our outfit on the Summit of the White Pass. Standing on the Summit, you can look westward and see the town of Skagway and the Pacific Ocean. Turn

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CANADIAN ANECDOTE

Miracle by McGregor

JAMES McGREGOR, the pioneer missionary to Nova Scotia, happened to visit a woman in Pictou in 1791 who had a sick cow. She was convinced the minister could cure it if he would and insisted that he should go and see the ailing animal.

McGregor told her he could do nothing for it, but she believed otherwise and urged him just to lay his hand on it. He finally went to the cow and laying a rod which he had in his hand on its back said "If you live you live, and if you die you die." The cow recovered.

Some time later the minister was suffering from an infected throat and the Pictou woman, hearing about it, came to see him. As soon as she came into the room she said "Ah, if you live you live, and if you die you die."

McGregor remembered the incident of the sick cow and burst out laughing, which broke an abscess in his throat. He was soon well.—Donald Archibald

For little-known humorous or dramatic incidents out of Canada's colorful past, Maclean's will pay $50. Indicate source material and mail to Canadianecdotes, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.

around and you look eastward. Some of that snow that you are standing on will run west and will be in the Pacific in a few hours once it melts. Some of the snow only a few yards away will flow east when it melts and eventually back into that same Pacific Ocean—but before it gets there it will have to flow some two or three thousand miles.

To understand some of our hardships on the trail you must know what a snowshoe trail on a wind-swept summit is like. The trail is something like a huge rope about six or eight feet in diameter. First a man goes over the course with snowshoes, then when the path is frozen they start pulling the sleds over, and the trail becomes hard as ice. Then more snow falls on it and this is packed in and finally the trail becomes higher than the snow alongside. Sometimes the surface of these trails is six or even ten feet above the ground and the snow alongside is loose. When a man steps off the trail into the loose snow he has quite a job to get back again.

The mushers starting out from the Summit for Log Cabin used to get up as early as three or four a.m. so that they could get on the trail, for there were thousands of them. A man would load up his sled with all he could pull. The sled was strongly constructed, about eighteen inches wide and six or seven feet long, with hooks on the sides for a lashrope. You do not hear things fall when they drop off in the snow, and when they get in the snow they are lost. There were two eyelets at the front, on each side, for the purpose of fixing a rope with which to haul the sled, and on the right side there were two rings about an inch and a half or two inches in diameter. Into these rings a pole—called a "gee pole"—about six to eight feet long was driven to steer the sled.

There was snow everywhere, no city smoke to make it dirty, a snow so white that it was absolutely necessary, when the sun was shining, to put on smoked glasses or else blacken your eyelids and cheeks to keep from becoming painfully snowblind. The trail, like a big ice-covered pipeline, miles long and covered with the stampeders like a swarm of ants, with sleds loaded usually with more than they could carry. The mushers would have the rope over one shoulder and under the other arm, and would hold the gee pole in their right hand and strain like mules. It was a long fifteen-mile trip with a load from the Summit to Log Cabin, and by the time you got back with the empty sled it made a long day. To most of us, who were not used to such hardships, it all made life very miserable. A lot of the faint-hearted who had the cash to pay for a ticket home sold their outfits for what they could get for them and went south again. Others quit and went back to Skagway and became disciples of Soapy Smith.

But there were many others, the kind who finish anything they start or die in the attempt. Back on the snowshoe trail we see them moving along, each man right behind the other like an endless chain gang. If a man forgets for a moment what he is doing his sled is likely to get off the trail and upset in the snow. The minute this happens the man behind him steps up and takes his place and he stays there until the whole cavalcade passes by, which may take four or five hours. Sometimes you would think that a man had gone crazy when his sled upset. He would throw his cap in the snow, shut his fists and throw his head back and ask Jesus Christ to come down there on the trail so that He could be told what the unhappy sourdough thought of Him for playing a trick like that.

We put up a tent at Log Cabin and started to haul our stuff from there to Lake Bennett at the head of navigation. On the first load we took we had three hundred and fifty pounds each and started along the trail until we came to Lake Lindeman—a small lake at the foot of the Chilkoot Pass. We went down the lake, over the ice, and through the little river that runs into Lake Bennett, picked out a campsite at the head of Lake Bennett and stacked our loads. This we repeated until our supplies were moved.

Bennett became quite a camp during the latter part of April and May. There were thousands of men there building boats, scows and anything that would float for the mad race down the river to Dawson. Most of the voyageurs had their boats built long before the ice went out of the lakes and just sat around waiting for the thaw.

While we were building our boat and waiting for the ice to move, a lot of us met men and made friendships that ended only with death. One of the most resourceful men I met at Bennett was Pete Anderson, who left his wife and kids behind in Washington State and worked his way north on a small steamer in the winter of 1897. Pete had no outfit of his own so he had an easy time of it over the trail and soon discovered that it was easy to pick one up. He got a job hauling hay from Log Cabin to a camp near Atlin and with the proceeds bought an outfit cheap from a man who had given up the fight. At Bennett Pete undertook to build a boat for another miner for twelve hundred dollars. He picked up some more money doing other odd jobs and by the time we were ready to sail down river he had a good outfit and seventeen hundred dollars in cash. Not bad when you consider he had exactly a dollar and a half in cash when he stepped aboard the steamer in Seattle. Pete went into the wood-cutting business in the Klondike, did quite well and later became a big logging operator back home in Washington. Not long ago he retired with about a million dollars. He did a lot better than some who found gold in the Yukon.

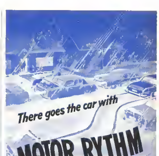
We were awakened early one morning in early June by sounds of men yelling—the ice had gone out of the lake. A lot of the men were busy loading their boats and some of them were already pulling out. We went back to the tent, had breakfast, pulled the fire out of the sheet-iron cook stove so that it would be cool when we got ready to pack it into the boat, and then started to break camp. It was about noon before we had everything packed. There were four of us in the boat (we had been joined by two others) with two tents, two stoves and about three tons of miscellaneous cargo, about everything that a man could imagine that he would need to set up a home and a gold mine in first-class working condition, as well as a lot of miniature artillery.

I must confess that we got rather a late start; most of the stampeders were away ahead of us, but we made good time once we got under way. We had a wind astern so we put up sail and before five we were at the outlet of Lake Bennett and into a deep short river three or four miles long called Caribou Crossing. We came out into Lake Tagish about six, and it is the one part of our whole trip to the Klondike that stands out most clearly in my memory.

There was not a breath of wind blowing now and we had seen very few boats after we had left the head of Lake Bennett. But there were thousands here in Tagish, and more coming every minute. The sun was high in the sky, for it was June and daylight all night now, and there was a sort of a haze that seemed to soften the light but did not obstruct the view. Most of the sails were still up, but hanging absolutely limp. A very few were rowing into shore, others were singing and we could hear one or two quartets. Everybody had had a hard eventful day and the logical thing to do was to pull in to the shore, make some supper, spend the night there and get away early in the morning. This course was followed by most of us and the campfires could be seen for miles around the lake until we went to sleep late that night.

This was the last big bunch of the voyageurs we saw until after we got to Dawson. It was also the quietest and best behaved crowd that I saw during the twenty-one years that I was to spend in the Klondike. Before that day I do not suppose that there had ever been more than ten men on Lake Tagish at any time since creation. Everything was in its natural state and then on this second day of June 1898 there were some ten to twenty thousand men on its shore. They left the next morning and they have never been back, nor has any other similar crowd been there since that memorable day.

We pulled out early next morning. We had been warned of a place called Windy Arm, an arm of the lake on the east side about halfway down. When the wind was blowing out of Windy Arm it was pretty hard for anybody but a skilled mariner to get past. We got halfway across when the wind, growing stronger every minute, threatened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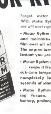

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to blow us on to the west shore. We took the sail down and all took to the oars. I almost pulled my heart out but to no avail. We were being blown ashore. As soon as we could see the bottom we all jumped into the water up to our wishbones and eased the boat up on shore. We were lucky and the boat was not damaged. We unloaded her and put up the stove and got ready to have some lunch. I was the chief cook on this trip, since I was the youngest and the position of cook was the least desirable of all the jobs in a camp. We had a stove that had the oven in the pipe. You could put in a pan about nine by twelve inches and bake about two loaves of bread at one time. The boys were hollering for grub so I was hurrying. In my haste I forgot to take the pan out of the oven when we lit the fire. We had packed everything in that oven that we could get in to save space and it was all burned. The knives and forks all had wooden handles, and it was a mess from then on as there was nothing left but the rivets that had held the wooden handles in place. We put the butcher knife out of business also so we had good cause to remember Windy Arm for a long time. We were there all that day and all the next, listening to the wind and then about three o'clock next morning it dropped.

We jumped out of bed, put the boat in the water, loaded it in less than half an hour and shoved off. We grabbed the oars and started to row for the bottom of the lake when a strong head wind came up and we pulled for all we were worth for nearly two hours before we got that boat in. We were all nearly starved, so it was noon by the time we got ashore so we put up the stove and had a good feed. Next day before we could stop we shot through Miles Canyon. We had been warned that the canyon together with Whitehorse Rapids below was the end of the journey for a great many stampeders. We made it though and tied up below the canyon and went down to have a look at the rapids. They looked pretty bad, so we hired a pilot who took us through for twenty-five dollars in about three minutes.

We tied up below the rapids and went back to have a look around. For a mile below on the east bank of the river the ground was covered with provisions, dried fruit, beans, rice, everything in the produce line that one could imagine, all spread out there to dry—goods that others had got wet on the trip through the rapids.

There was a boat insurance racket being worked at Whitehorse when we arrived. You could tie your boat up for the purpose of having a look at the canyon and rapids before you took the risk of running them. An agent would step up and tell you that you were foolish to chance it without insurance. He would inform you there was an insurance company that would cover your boat and furnish pilot and crew for very little more than some of the incompetent pilots were charging. He pointed out that you took no chances of losing your life and that if anything happened to your boat you'd have the money to purchase a new outfit.

This company made good on any boats that were lost because they never lost any boats that were insured. They would keep the owners of the boat busy talking about insurance rates long enough for some of the rest of the gang to run the boat through. Then on news of the successful termination of the trip they would close the deal, get the money and turn the boat over to the owners. The owners would be so pleased to see the boat below the rapids that even if they did find out that they had been gypped they made no great fuss about the scheme.

Another scheme in operation at Whitehorse was a tramway on wooden rollers around the canyon and rapids. It did a thriving business. You could have your boat and the whole outfit hauled around on the tramway for a nominal sum, which was, however, pretty high when compared with the charge for a pilot.

We left Whitehorse later that afternoon and were soon crossing into Lake Laberge, later made famous by Robert Service.

From then on we had no more trouble. There were two more rapids, Five Fingers Rapids, where four large rocks stand in the river and the water flows through five channels, and Rink Rapids, caused by a rocky shelf that lay across the river. The current was so fast that very few of the boys rowed—they just kept the boat in the fast part of the current and let her drift along.

We were getting close to our goal and we should have been a bit excited, but I can't say that we were. We knew that we were getting close to Dawson but we had learned from experience that there was no use asking anyone how far it was.

We saw quite a few people now. Some were cutting wood and some seemed to be on their way up to the mouth of Indian River, Stewart River, the Sixty Mile or the White River, to prospect. We were all told when we landed in Dawson that everything was staked and that if we were going to get a rich claim we would have to go prospecting and find it. All these rivers gave promise of being good streams to try one's luck on. Some of the men never unloaded their boats, just started for one of the other rivers and some sold most of their outfits for what they could get and started right back on the trail for home. These of course would have to pole and line their boats back to the head of Lake Bennett—it was some job but could be done in about six weeks with luck.

We would ask one of these fellows how far it was to Dawson, and he might say it was around the next bend. Then we would pass a couple of bends without seeing Dawson and we would ask someone else how far we were from our destination. He would likely say about a hundred miles. We were very anxious to know because we knew that the town was on the east bank of the river. It was a mighty river and if we happened to be on the west side or even in the middle of the stream when we came to the city it was going to be a hard job to get the boat into the shore. So we were hugging the right bank and this impeded our progress.

Finally we came around a bluff and could see the camp. I am bound to call it a camp, for there was nothing about it that measured up to our ideas of what a city should be. We tied our boat up to a boat that was tied to the stern of another boat and that one to still another, and this condition prevailed as far up and down the river bank as we could see. It was roughly a mile and a half from the bluff at Klondike City ("Lousetown") to the bluff below Dawson and the boats were four deep all along the bank of the river. We had arrived at last, at our destination. All we had to do was find the gold we came for.

END OF PART ONE

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Nicholas Monsarrat

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

novel was duly finished and even published, but it earned him only thirty pounds. He wrote another novel which was published a couple of years later and earned fifty pounds. A third got up to eighty pounds; a play was actually produced with Greer Garson playing the lead, but folded in about a week. It wasn't until after war broke out, when Monsarrat had been scraping a living out of Fleet Street for six years, that he published a book which was even a modest financial success. It was called This Is The Schoolroom.

Monsarrat has estimated that The Cruel Sea is seventy percent hard fact, thirty percent fiction. This Is The Schoolroom also contains large chunks of personal history. Its hero is a rich and idle Cambridge student whose father dies bankrupt, and who then becomes a penniless free-lance journalist living in a London slum. Like Keith Lockhart in The Cruel Sea he bears a striking resemblance to Nicholas Monsarrat.

In those years which he now calls "the happiest of my life," Monsarrat lived in "a genuine garret" in North Paddington. He paid nine shillings a week for a room in Harrowby Street off Edgeware Road, with a backyard privy he shared with "a cut-rate abortionist and an unsuccessful prostitute." (Both of these appear in This Is The Schoolroom.)

The food problem he solved in part by doing pieces about London restaurants and roadhouses which were published in a little paper called London Week, and for which their author got his dinner from the place he was writing up. He also got occasional jobs which paid some cash, and slaked his lust for travel as a courier for travel agencies—in that capacity he visited most of the countries of Europe and once crossed the Albanian frontier on a donkey. But most of his cash income, such as it was, he earned by contributions to the magazine Yachting World.

There is a connection between those bits for Yachting World and The Cruel Sea. Both are dividends of Monsarrat's interest in sailing. He used to have a boat in north Wales, raced dinghies there, also crewed in bigger boats off Skye and in the Irish Sea.

When he was a boy his father had a kind of ritual for each of Nicholas' birthdays. Before giving him his birthday present Monsarrat Sr. would say, "Remember, Nicholas, Nelson won the Battle of Trafalgar."

Nicholas doesn't know yet why his father established this family tradition but it made an indelible impression which was deepened at a very early age by personal experience.

"If my father hadn't given me a fourteen-footer when I was nine," he said recently, "I should never have gone into the navy at all."

When war broke out it seemed unlikely that he'd go into any of the armed services. He was at that time an ardent and voluble pacifist. After Hitler invaded Poland Monsarrat got married (a venture that ended in divorce in 1952 after seven years of separation) and volunteered as a stretcher-bearer with a civil defense unit in Harley Street.

As the winter of the sitzkrieg wore on though his pacifism began to come apart. It occurred to him that no amount of stretcher bearing could possibly win the war, and winning the war seemed a desirable thing to do once we were in it. So he answered an advertisement in the personal column of

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The Times (that was one of the Royal Navy's methods of recruiting officers in those days) and became a naval officer-in-training.

A classmate at the training base, HMS King Alfred, remembers Monsarrat as a quiet, unobtrusive person who kept in the background and made no strong impression either way. "He never missed a party but he never took a very active part. You'd miss him if he weren't there but when he was there you'd hardly notice him."

Monsarrat did a good bit of writing on his own account, though. During his naval career he wrote three short factual books which were published then as paper-backed pamphlets and reprinted this year in one small volume called Three Corvettes. They are the notes of a naval officer on active service, and they're interesting reading for admirers of The Cruel Sea. The raw material of the best seller is here in fragmentary form. Some of the good anecdotes never did get fitted into the body of the novel; for instance:

> By some caprice of the coding department we received the odd signal "Commence hostilities against Japan forthwith." (They were in the North Sea.)
> "Number One." (Monsarrat was Number One, first lieutenant.)
> "Sir?"
> "Commence hostilities against Japan."
> "Aye aye, sir. Starboard ten . . ."

At war's end Monsarrat reworked his navy material into a fourth book which he now describes as "a short story of twenty-five thousand words" and which was entitled HMS Marlborough Will Enter Harbor. It was well reviewed and had a considerable sale. Monsarrat came out of uniform much better known as a writer than when he went in.

He didn't go back to Fleet Street, though. In the course of the war he'd acquired some political notions about the Commonwealth which still strike many people as odd, and which certainly would have looked oddly reactionary to the young socialist and pacifist of Harrowby Street. He joined the Commonwealth Relations Office, Information Division.

"Nicholas is a Winchester man, and a Winchester man could easily have got into the Foreign Office," an awed compatriot said recently. "Instead he went into Commonwealth Relations (apparently the poor man's Foreign Office in the hierarchy of the British civil service) and into Information at that." (Information officers, his tone implied, use the tradesmen's entrance.)

Monsarrat's queer preference took him to South Africa for seven years. For the first five of them he spent his spare time germinating and then writing The Cruel Sea.

Nothing prepared him for the success of the book. His publishers, who had hopefully printed the four bad novels of the nineteen thirties, told him not to bother finishing a book about the war at sea. It was badly timed—either too late or too early. It couldn't possibly sell.

Monsarrat wrote it anyway. By midsummer of this year it had sold five hundred and fifty thousand copies in the Commonwealth and the same number in France, three hundred and seventy thousand in the United States, a hundred and forty thousand in a dozen other countries. In the three years since it was published The Cruel Sea has earned him about a hundred thousand pounds sterling, or an average of nearly a hundred thousand dollars a year.

Besides making Monsarrat rich, it has made him a thoroughly eccentric figure. The first question everybody asks about him is "Why does he keep on working at a civil service job when it's costing him money to do it?"

Certainly it has cost him a good deal of money. By retreating to a tax sanctuary like the British West Indies Monsarrat could have retained the considerable fortune The Cruel Sea has brought him. But as a British civil servant he pays British income tax no matter where he lives, and British income tax takes away about two thirds of an income the size of Monsarrat's. For the last three years, therefore, he has worked for approximately two hundred thousand dollars less than nothing.

In South Africa at least he could spend the considerable number of pounds that the tax collector left to him. In Canada even this won't be so. All his royalties, even from dollar countries, go into the British Treasury and are paid to him in pounds. He is not allowed to turn them back into dollars. Except for the flat sum of about two thousand dollars which any foreign service couple is allowed to take out (if they have it) to a new post, the Monsarrats henceforth will have to live on the dollar income of a British Information Officer.

That is a fairly comfortable sum—basic salary $4,300 plus a tax-free living allowance somewhat larger than the salary itself, so that altogether it's the equivalent of about ten thousand dollars a year. But however comfortable that might be for most people it's a lot different from being able to afford anything you want.

Both the Monsarrats have been accustomed to that happy situation. His second wife is the former Philippa Crosby, daughter of a wealthy South African family and herself a well-known journalist in that country. Neither, in the opinion of friends, has any financial sense.

When they came to Canada they brought along a Jaguar sedan. Monsarrat has always loved fast cars. As a student he used to volunteer as a test driver at Brooklands, the British auto racing track, and he has never lost the taste for speed.

Before leaving Britain he also ordered a Bentley, a fourteen-thousand-dollar masterpiece which he'd always lusted to own. The Bentley has now arrived and is his pride and joy, but meanwhile he has had to get rid of the Jaguar. It's a beautiful car with a top speed of a hundred and thirty-two miles an hour and it completed several Canadian journeys in times which Monsarrat hopes to keep secret. But you don't even put a Jaguar into high gear at less than sixty and the Monsarrats found it an impractical vehicle for shopping at Ottawa supermarkets or crawling through Confusion Square at five p.m. So they sold it at a substantial loss and bought a Canadian Chevrolet—didn't even use the diplomat's privilege of buying the same car in Detroit for several hundred fewer dollars.

In Ottawa a junior foreign service officer gets a flat in Sandy Hill or Centre Town, or if he has some means of his own he rents a small house in Rockcliffe. The Monsarrats spent a long time looking, meanwhile occupying a suite at the Chateau Laurier. Finally they leased a beautiful great run-down place out beside the Royal Ottawa Golf Club, with acres of farm land and furlongs of driveway and a glorious view of the river. It will cost about as much to heat the ancient structure as a new house would cost to rent.

There are of course a lot of compensations in having money, even if you can't take it out of the sterling area. Monsarrat can buy anything he wants in Britain and have it sent over. His sterling assets help to support his first wife and their ten-year-old son in a village near Oxford, England. But when all these advantages and mitigations are reckoned up there are still enough inconveniences in the dollar area to lend new point to the question:

Why would any man make such a sacrifice of time, money and effort to continue in such a job?

One part of the answer may lie in Monsarrat's appraisal of himself as a writer. In spite of the great success of The Cruel Sea he gives the impression of being far from satisfied with his own work.

"Before the war I set out to be two things, a fiction writer and a pacifist," he said not long ago. "I ended up not a true fiction writer, a sort of documentary writer, and the captain of a frigate."

Monsarrat doesn't disparage his "documentaries." He enjoys being famous. He got much pleasure from the flood of enthusiastic reviews, and pain that still rankles from the one really hostile one. That was a paragraph in The New Yorker, still one of his favorite magazines, which called The Cruel Sea "a dismal tale" by "a dull, often sentimental writer." That clipping has a page all to itself in Monsarrat's scrapbook, surrounded by a black border and a cross.

But though he views his fabulous brain child with a kindly indulgent eye, it's not the intellectual son and heir he hoped to beget. That presumably will be a work of true fiction and not, like The Cruel Sea, a "documentary" of events that actually happened. Maybe it is his new book, The Story of Esther Costello, a strange novel about a girl who could neither see, hear nor speak, and about the woman who first rescued and then criminally exploited her. It had a mixed reception from the critics. Monsarrat himself remarked some weeks before it was published, "I don't think anyone else will like it, but I love it."

His models and mentors among living English writers are Evelyn Waugh, Rebecca West and Richard Aldington. Waugh's influence particularly is visible in his earlier work. Monsarrat doesn't do as much serious critical reading nowadays as he did in his apprenticeship. He's been yielding to the temptation to "keep up with the news," the twentieth century's greatest single waste of time, and when he does read fiction it's more likely to be by

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PUMPKIN-MINCEMEAT PIE
1 nine-inch unbaked pastry shell
1 15-oz. can (or ½ 28-oz. can) mincemeat
1 egg, slightly beaten
½ cup sugar
2 teaspoons flour
½ teaspoon ginger
½ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup canned pumpkin
½ cup undiluted evaporated milk
¼ cup honey
1 teaspoon vanilla

Spread mincemeat in even layer in bottom of pastry shell. Combine remaining ingredients in order given. Carefully pour pumpkin filling over mincemeat.
Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 15 minutes; reduce heat to moderate (350° F.) and bake about 35 or 40 minutes, or until filling in centre is just firm. Cool. When ready to serve, top with pastry pumpkin. Makes 1 nine-inch pie.

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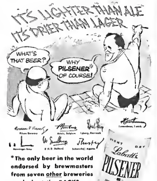

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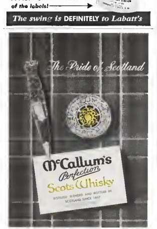

UPSTAIRS ROOM

Six days a week he never saw this room
To use it. Winter and summer, spring and fall,
He would be up and out in the grey loom
Of early daylight. Bed and floor and wall
Were shapes and dreams and shadows. And at night
After the stumbling harrow, axe and hoe,
When he went up again the day's last light
Was emptied from it and the lamp turned low.

Only on Sunday mornings. That was when
The barnwork finished, he would go upstairs
To change at leisure. He would see it then,
This odd familiar place: its curious chairs
And wall rose-figured, and the sun that crept
Slowly on floor and bedspread. And its worn
Hooked mats, and curtains. This was where he slept
And where (someone had told him) he was born.

CHARLES BRUCE

story tellers like Nigel Balchin and Nevil Shute.

He still takes his trade seriously enough to write five hundred words every night, sometimes more but seldom less. His only compromise with weariness is that they needn't be part of the new novel he usually has in hand. They can be a broadcast, a magazine article, anything outside his work as an information officer. But five hundred words must be batted out by three-fingered typing on a weatherbeaten portable before Monsarrat goes to bed.

But for all this industry and self-discipline Monsarrat seems to have mixed feelings about the worth of fiction writing. Toward the end of his novel This Is The Schoolroom there is a passage which is interesting in retrospect. The hero has finally begun to succeed as a free-lance writer; an old friend who symbolizes maturity and wisdom is calling upon him:

> "But what are you going to do?" he asked suddenly. "You are making a success of writing and you must be earning a great deal of money, but surely you don't regard that as an end. . . . That is what you are doing for yourself: what about the rest of the world?"

What Monsarrat has found to do for "the rest of the world" is to work for the Commonwealth of Nations. As he states them to a stranger his views are commonplace enough: Britain's only chance to continue as a world power is through this community of free nations of which she is the founder. But for Monsarrat this political truism seems to have taken on the status of an almost mystical faith.

He doesn't discuss the politics of South Africa either internal or external, but obviously seven years in Dr. Malan's domain must have been a pretty severe test for this idealism. It survived. Monsarrat came to Ottawa as much an enthusiast for the Commonwealth as ever, and full of ambitious plans for the British Information Service in Canada.

It's already a pretty big operation—a staff of twenty-three in Ottawa, a library of a thousand volumes, a film library of five hundred titles, and a reference service that answers questions all the way from "How can I get a job as a manicurist in London?" to "Why doesn't Britain buy more Nova Scotia apples?" Begun on a small scale during the war, it has become the largest and probably the most successful of all such agencies in Ottawa.

Monsarrat is not content with this eminence. He thinks the British Information Office is not only too small and too feeble but that it's in the wrong place trying to do the wrong job. He wants it not in Ottawa, a vermiform appendix to the High Commissioner's Office, but in Toronto and Montreal where the major Canadian publications are located. He'd like branches in Halifax, Winnipeg, Vancouver, perhaps other Canadian cities. Perhaps even Ottawa.

Since he took over the Ottawa office five months ago Monsarrat has made no changes at all. Instead he has devoted his energy to the task of persuading the British Government to accept his views on the radical changes he'd like to make. So far nobody is committed to any of them, but he has received enough guarded and qualified encouragement to keep him cheerful and sanguine.

Even in this happy mood and with his best civil service manner on, Monsarrat is a highly unconventional civil servant. No Foreign Office man would ever climb into a glittering Bentley, take off his jacket and reveal a pair of hand-painted braces on which vulgarly beauteous Venuses are prominently displayed. The typical representative abroad does not entertain in large random parties of no particular rank or station, chosen for no apparent reason except that they're people the Monsarrats like. No previous information officer has been invited by an Ottawa newspaper to send back dispatches on a drama festival, as Monsarrat did from Stratford, Ont., last summer.

Nor, for that matter, has any diplomat of Monsarrat's modest rank and seniority ever become a social lion the moment he arrived. This aspect of Monsarrat's career is not only unusual, it is unpalatable to his stuffier diplomatic colleagues. Some of them might not be too disappointed if this bird of bright plumage should take wing and leave their soberly feathered flock in its accustomed ways.

It might happen, of course. But if Monsarrat is able to do even a fraction of what he hopes to do in this country they'll probably have to go right on putting up with him. ★

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London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

here. Some of the critics didn't seem to like it."

"Not all of them," said composer Rodgers making his first intrusion in the dialogue.

"I like Allegro," said Hammerstein, "and if you could go to it we'll have tickets at the box office for you."

Let me explain that I was dramatic critic of the London Evening Standard at that time and their approach was not entirely divorced from that fact. Yet that would not be the whole explanation. Rodgers and Hammerstein — especially Hammerstein — are just plain stage-struck loons. They live in the theatre, they think, talk and breathe theatre, and when they go to sleep I am sure that they dream of the theatre.

But there the similarity between them ends. In physique, in appearance and in temperament no two men could be less alike. Hammerstein is a sheer sentimentalist. If he had a new show to produce and met a theatre owner who was out of luck he would give the show to him on any old terms and no matter how unsuitable the theatre might be. Therefore the business side is handled by the implacable Rodgers, that genius of sweet sound.

They tell me in New York that when Rodgers finally puts his signature to a contract they have to supply restoratives to the lawyers. There is only one man who is tougher and oddly enough he also is a composer—Irving Berlin. When Berlin makes a contract they apply restoratives to the lawyers before the proceedings begin.

To finish that small New York episode I went to Allegro and liked it moderately. Hammerstein the sentimentalist had taken as his theme the hoary idea of a rich man who went back to his old home town to find happiness, forgetting that no rich man ever goes back to his old home town if he can help it and then only to open a library or something which he has built to ease his conscience or please his vanity.

Carousel followed Oklahoma! at Drury Lane and ran for two years or more. It had charm and Rodgers' music was quite superb but it was rather a shock in one scene to find that heaven had apparently been taken over by the Americans. The success was in the music, not in the rather meandering story.

Yet it was obvious that these two men of genius were creating a new technique and extending enormously the scope of musical comedy. Gilbert and Sullivan had brought wit and topicality to their immortal operettas but they never visualized the chorus as anything more than a collection of singers who all did the same thing at the same time.

Rodgers and Hammerstein broke through the existing conventions. Instead of a ballet being thrown in as a mere *divertissement* they made the dancers take up the theme of the story. They had the wisdom to choose Agnes De Mille to direct these dances and she achieved startling dramatic effects.

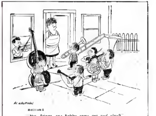
But there was trouble ahead for R and H, at any rate as far as London was concerned. South Pacific had conquered and ruled New York long before it was due at Drury Lane and when it finally turned up in London we who had first-night tickets were looked upon with the reverence of Mount Everest conquerors. They were good enough to send two extra tickets for my son and daughter, which caused my daughter to say, "Daddy, if you pan this show I'll never speak to you again!" On such frail fabric is filial love sustained!

Now for the story behind the story. The American Josh Logan not only produced South Pacific in New York but had himself adapted it for the stage from a book of short stories. He had, however, sent another producer to superintend the London opening. Logan himself did not arrive until four days before the opening.

He went to a rehearsal and decided that the dialogue was being spoken too quickly for the British ear. "Slow down!" became the slogan in rehearsal. And believe me they did!

The first act seemed interminable. The American cast headed by that grand little artist Mary Martin were nervous and they conveyed their nervousness to the audience. Every line was spoken as if it were a *pronunciamento*. Nor were we amused by the offhand attitude of the American sailors on the stage toward their officers. You can joke about the Abbey in England, or about parliament or even the Derby, but you cannot joke about the Navy.

There was another factor that could not have been foreseen. The romantic hero of South Pacific is a man in his



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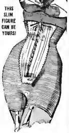

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tute fifties. This so excited New York that men of similar age rushed to South Pacific to see themselves in this unexpected role of glamour. To the British it was absurd. In England a man of fifty has it all over a boy of twenty-five when it comes to romance.

When the first act finally ended I saw with some perturbation that my daughter was coming to speak to me. "I agree with you completely," she said. Not bad considering that she was sitting in another part of the theatre and we had not exchanged a word.

The next day the critics had a night out if you will excuse the Hibernianism. One of them wrote that it should have been called "South Soporific." There were some mildly good notices but the rest including mine were pretty tough. Hammerstein had been good enough to invite my wife and myself to a party at the Savoy following the premiere but we did not go. It would have been impossible to drink his wine knowing what I would write the next day.

However, the public paid small attention to us. We had warned them but they would not accept our warning. South Pacific ran for more than two years.

Once more I realized that a critic should never meet an actor or a dramatist. The very fact that one knows and likes a dramatist forces a critic to be more harsh—if he thinks the show is poor—than he would be toward a stranger. After all friendships can be fleeting but a critic must live with his conscience forever. On my subsequent visits to New York I made no further contact with Hammerstein and on his periodical visits to London I heard nothing from him.

Grandpa's White Elephant

Then this summer he turned up to superintend the choosing of the chorus and small part actors for the opening of The King and I at Drury Lane—the run of South Pacific having finally come to an end. Unknown to him I had seen the new piece in New York and liked it, so with a clear conscience I dropped him a note and asked him to come down to the House of Commons and have a cup of tea on the terrace. He replied at once, accepting.

It was a beautiful day and when he arrived the scene was almost one of magic. While the terrace was in shadow the setting sun lit the opposite bank with so sharp a light that the buildings seemed almost to be a stage illuminated by footlights. The gurgling Thames was fluted with silver and even the tugs passing under Westminster Bridge had a rakish, pirate look.

And there in his soft lazy voice he told me how his rich German grandfather—also named Oscar Hammerstein—had come to London from Germany and built the opulent London opera house in Kingsway just up from the old Gaiety Theatre under the mistaken impression that London could sustain two opera houses.

The grandfather lost a fortune because the English had become accustomed to their beloved Covent Garden set in the midst of a vegetable market and they were not to be lured away by the gilded opulence of the new one. Today the London opera house that Hammerstein I built is a white elephant. Occasionally it has a musical show. For a time it showed films and even descended to ice shows. Sometimes it is dark for weeks at a time. But among the vegetables the old Covent Garden opera house continues its life of glory.

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"How did you become a writer?" I asked.

"I owe that to two men," he answered. "Charles Dickens and my tutor at college. I was studying for the law and one day he rather oddly asked me what I intended to be. I said a lawyer, of course. 'Oh,' he said, 'I always thought you would be a writer.' That was like a flash of lightning. It revealed everything that I had been trying to hide from myself. I had written sketches for amateur shows at college but his words cleared the line for me. From that moment my mind was made up."

Then we talked of critics. "Why do you invite them to your opening nights?" I asked. "You and Dick Rodgers have acquired such fame that the public is yours for the taking."

His face crinkled with a rather shy amusement and then he became serious. "The critics aren't often wrong," he said. "They see things with a fresh eye when the author has become so familiar with his own work that he may lose his sense of proportion. A lot of critics in New York didn't like our new Juliet show."

"Were they right?"

"I don't think so—at any rate not altogether."

"Is it a success?"

"Oh yes."

But that is not the whole story. When Hammerstein collaborated with Jerome Kern they had triumph after triumph. In fact the three longest runs in the history of Drury Lane previous to Oklahoma! were Hammerstein operettas (including Show Boat). But when that partnership ended Hammerstein could do nothing right. New York said he was finished. That scourge of talented men—frustration—made weary the days and nights for him. New gods had appeared and were not to be denied.

Then the Theatre Guild of New York produced a dramatization of a novel called Green Grow The Lilacs. As a play it was mildly successful and no more but Hammerstein saw its possibilities for a new kind of musical show and acquired the rights for a small outlay of money.

"Oklahoma! was not just a boy-meets-girl affair," he said, "but part of the American story. The hero of the story was a territory of farms and ranches and horses and cowboys moving toward statehood. I talked it over with Dick Rodgers and he saw its possibilities for a new kind of music. We made everyone on the stage a distinct personality. We even had violent death although technically it was musical comedy. Then we added ballet to help tell the story. There's a touring company in the States that's been playing Oklahoma! for five years. Sometimes when we get a chance Dick and I go and have a look at it."

As far as his manner was concerned he might have been describing an amateur show which had run two weeks instead of one. Those years of failure and frustration did not embitter him and the years of success have not added an inch to his vanity.

The sun had set and the opposite bank had resumed its usual sombre condition. A barge chugged its way toward the Bridge and the terrace was almost deserted.

"That was a wonderful film you people made of the Coronation," he said as we shook hands good-by. "I guess if you give the English enough centuries to rehearse they can do things better than anyone on earth."

Whereupon with a shy friendly smile he shook hands and departed, looking more than ever like a tall untidy boyish Traddles from his beloved Charles Dickens. ★

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Works too hard. (Feels he's indispensable in his job.) Has trouble relaxing. Worries. Sleeps poorly. Complains of being "always tired."

Had a couple of attacks of "indigestion" recently. When asked by wife to please check with doctor, was heard to reply: "What for? I'm not sick . . . besides, I'm too busy!"

The greatest problem in dealing with heart disease today is the man (or woman) who ignores the "danger signals" until it may be too late to take advantage of the help which medical science today is prepared to give.

However, thousands of people are now living good lives with bad hearts . . . because they acted wisely and in time . . . because they knew that in their physicians' hands they were in *good* hands.

For it is a fact that much progress has already been made in dealing with heart ailments. More research is being planned and carried on, largely through such agencies as the Canadian Heart Association, the Ontario Heart Foundation, and a number of pharmaceutical companies including Parke, Davis & Company, since 1866 makers of medicines prescribed by physicians.

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A MAN'S DRINK

How to Write a Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

Another good rule to remember is that putting things in brackets doesn't help. Also putting an exclamation point after something does not make it exciting. Paddling up the Chockenn waki for instance is not in itself exciting. If you want to paddle up it okay but don't expect anyone to enjoy it just because you do this (!) after it.

I don't want to hear from you if you learned to write letters from a high school composition class and still think that we need say nothing in particular as long as we say it in five parts: the heading, salutation, body, complimentary close and signature.

These lessons are strictly exercises and should be forgotten as soon as you get out of school, if not before. I remember the specimen friendly letter I had in my English composition book:

Dear Dad: I took a trip to Mohawk Lake yesterday. We stopped at a place called "Come Right Inn," and had the most delicious chicken dinner. The owner of the tea room was a darling old lady, just the kind you read about. She had snow-white hair, a Dresden China face, sparkling blue eyes and the darlingest spinet desk, and she offered to sell it for twenty-eight dollars. Just think, Dad, twenty-eight dollars for the most adorable desk! May I have it?

This has been about as much use to me as knowing how to address a duke, a retired chargé d'affaires, or a divorcee who has indicated at the bottom left-hand corner of her letter that she wants to start going by her original name again, or how to invite twelve people to dinner at the Sherry Netherland, or, even more useless, how to refuse if someone asks me to dinner at the Sherry Netherland. Furthermore, I hope I never hear from anyone capable of saying "delightful time," "delicious chicken dinner," "darling old lady," "snow white hair," "Dresden China face," "sparkling blue eyes," and "just the kind you read about" all in one letter, not to mention "Come Right Inn." The only thing this gal didn't do was wend her way up a hill.

And if your husband has always told you you could write a book, go ahead, but don't write me letters about the golden orb of day sinking beneath the purple mantle of night which was studded with stars, or so you say.

I'd rather hear from the garageman who told me: "I haven't written a letter in five years. Every time I feel like writing I get two lines down then muck the whole ''(* $'' thing up and throw it away."

I like to get letters from children. They are short, easy to read, and to the point. I have one here from a niece in Sarnia:

Dear Uncle Bob: I fell in the river yesterday. I like being wet. Sally had four more kittens. I saw a skunk. Jean won't let me play with her doll. I hope she dies. I hope you are well. Love,

I enjoy, of course, getting letters from

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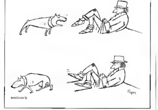


readers, but if you write angry letters I feel bound in fairness to tell you that if you're to accomplish your purpose you must know a few tricks. The main thing in giving a writer a piece of your mind is to do it without giving the impression that you have read anything by him. Obviously if you've read his stuff you've defeated your own point, which is to imply that you can't stomach it.

To get read is what the writer wanted in the first place, of course, and it gives him a sly delight like when he allows himself to be shoved to the front of a queue. The way around this is to start off:

Dear Allen: A friend of mine, who is in the hospital with an old Maclean's that has everything torn out of it but your junk, told me that you write tripe. Surely we don't have to stoop to this . . .

But generally it is only when you *stop* writing, which implies that you've stopped reading, that writers get worried, so you'd do better to write to Dad about a spinet desk, unless you write one of those letters that leave the writer wondering whether you *did* write a letter or not. These go:

Dear Allen: I've just finished your garbage about living in summer cottages. Obviously you want to be a movie star. Why don't they? As if you didn't know. Oh well —

"I'll fit sonne gonyan day,
Thou saydest ook, that there
Been thinges thre . . ."
In disgust,

All in all, letter writing is at about its lowest ebb in history. We may no longer write as Miss Pinkerton wrote to Mrs. Bute Crawley:

Dear Madam: I have the honor to acknowledge your polite communication, to which I promptly reply 'tis most gratifying to one in my most arduous position to find that my maternal cares have elicited a responsive affection . . .

But it would be a treat these days to get a few of them. I'd like to get something from Benjamin Franklin that went:

As soon as Dinner was over, I took a solitary Walk into my Orchard, until I came to my usual Place of Retirement under the Great Apple Tree, where having seated myself, and carelessly laid my Head on a Verdant Bank, I fell by Degrees into a soft and undisturbed Slumber.

Instead of letters that twitter:

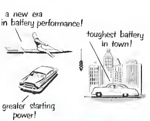
Dear Mr. Allen: Are we getting just a little bit forgetful? We must remember, mustn't we, how interest is being charged at 27% every hour we are late. With love,
The Little Used Auto
Home Credit Corporation

I shudder at the thought of getting any more scientifically tested sales letters that no one ever tests on me, like one I keep getting from an insecticide company that goes: "You wouldn't throw away a ten dollar bill, would you?" and presumably gets around to insecticide somewhere in the next ten thousand words.

I'd also like to get a letter that starts: "There is absolutely no obligation on your part, nor anything to do," but doesn't end: "Just sell five thousand Christmas cards between now and Christmas to your friends and relatives."

But above all I'd like to get some letters from friends who have something to say. I don't mind getting breezy letters if they blew something my way, and I don't mind getting letters from people who can just go on and on, providing I get them on a night when they get somewhere. If I do, believe me, Madame, I will remain an ever your humble and obedient servant.

Rbt. Thos. Alln.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Look What Comes Out Of The Hat!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

the two favorite legends from the half-dozen that go around.

One tale says the Crees and Blackfeet were battling on the shores of the South Saskatchewan in 1870 when the Blackfoot medicine man lost his hat—a skullcap of deerskin hung with herbs, ermine, bear teeth and eagle feathers. This was such a bad omen that the Blackfeet fled, leaving the field to the Crees. The Place of the Medicine Hat was later abbreviated to its present form.

Another yarn claims that a young Cree warrior was watering his horse at the river one day when a sea serpent popped up and offered him an all-powerful medicine hat if the young man would sacrifice his new bride. The warrior consulted his wife, who, being a broad-minded girl, agreed. He tossed her in the river, collected the medicine hat and became a great chief.

"This second legend," Goldie wrote the American contestant, "may not be true but it goes to show that around here a man will trade his wife for a hat any day."

Although the city is at least seven hundred miles from the nearest ocean, with nothing salter at hand than corned beef, some Medicine Hatters say the serpent still shows his face periodically. They've named him Ogopogo (they say he's older than the fabled monster of the Okanagan valley who bears the same name) and two years ago the Chamber of Commerce offered one hundred dollars for a genuine sea-monster egg. There were no takers.

The Hat's name, its weather and its serpent are good for publicity but without its vast sense of natural gas it would be just another ranch town. As it is, there are four flour mills, a linseed oil plant, ceramic plants which make bricks, pottery and tile from local clay, and numerous smaller industries.

John Furch, a stocky, soft-spoken Czech, brought his glass-ornaments industry to Medicine Hat from Stratford, Ont., three years ago. "In Stratford," says Furch, "I had to pay a dollar or more for one thousand cubic feet of gas and the pressure was not always good. Here I pay maybe ten cents a thousand and always the pressure is high." Industrial gas rates for large-scale consumers go as low as four and a half cents per thousand cubic feet because the Hat's supply of gas is apparently inexhaustible. Drillers have never struck a dry hole. The city owns forty-two producing wells—including one that's been spouting gas since 1906—and expects to have forty-six this fall.

The wells, housed in small windowless brick buildings, average twelve hundred feet deep and produce about five million cubic feet of gas every twenty-four hours at five hundred and fifty pounds per square inch. The gas is ninety-eight percent methane, providing exceptional heat and power, and so pure that the city adds a ready-made commercial odorant so that leaks can be detected. The finished product, says Robert Betts, gas department superintendent, smells something like a skunk.

Christmas Flower Rush

Twenty years ago Medicine Hat had two hundred and sixty-five gas street lamps which burned day and night. It was cheaper to leave them on than to hire a man to extinguish them every morning. The last gas light was replaced by brighter steam-generated electricity ten years ago but since the steam is made with gas, light is still cheap. Even now some lamps burn day and night at the Hat. Every householder's front porch light is on a separate circuit with current donated by the city. Medicine Hat owns all its water, gas and electrical utilities and power is so cheap it can afford this minor extravagance. Practically all of the fifty-three hundred Medicine Hat homes use gas heat. A family can heat a five-room house for fifty dollars a year.

Cheap heat also partially accounts for Medicine Hat's twenty-one acres of greenhouses, one of them the second largest in Canada (the largest is at Brampton, Ont.). Six hundred thousand dollars' worth of flowers, mostly roses and chrysanthemums, are shipped as far as Fort William and Vancouver each year. Every autumn prairie florists flock into Medicine Hat to place Christmas orders.

The Hat's sunshine helped lure the greenhouses too. Department of Transport statistics show that Medicine Hat, with an average 2,274 hours of sunshine a year, is second only to Lethbridge as the sunniest spot in the west. Last July, for example, the Hat had three hundred and ninety-five hours of sunlight, an average of twelve hours every day.

The sun, the comparatively long growing season and ample South Saskatchewan water have made this a lush city for professional and amateur gardeners. Two of the downtown banks have window boxes of petunias. Most homes have a back yard garden and it's said a fifty-foot lot will provide a year's supply of fruit and vegetables for a family of four.

Commercial market gardeners grow raspberries, strawberries, grapes, plums, apples and cantaloupe—unusual crops for the prairies. They've tried tobacco and cotton and although both crops grew, the conditions weren't good enough to make them commercially feasible.

The weather even agrees with rattlesnakes. A smaller but equally venomous relative of the American diamondback dens around the sunny river banks. Last August at nearby Grassy Lake four boys killed seventeen rattlesnakes, some of them three to four feet long. A few months ago a rattler invaded the grounds of the nurses' residence at the Medicine Hat General Hospital.

Snakebite is rare and most Medicine Hatters leave the snakes alone too. An exception is Mrs. Madge Ratcliffe, a soft-spoken grey-haired widow who until recently hunted rattlers and sold them alive to side-shows and circuses. She also makes snakeskin belts and wallets. Once she decorated her hat with rattles; another time she took a can of snakes to radio station CHAT and persuaded them to rattle for a coast-to-coast broadcast.

Rattlesnakes are edible and Mrs. Ratcliffe says the meat resembles canned salmon. But neither she nor anyone else in the city is that hard up for a meal. Medicine Hat is very much a cattle town, on and off the dinner plate.

Every year there's a stampede second only to Calgary's in size and calibre. Black's Hardware, run by seventy-three-year-old Robert Black, sells forty or fifty saddles a year and the window of Freedman's Hide and Fur Co. features shiny spurs and businesslike lariats. All the ranchers wear cowboy hats and many local businessmen do, too. Jack Allen, who runs a small airline, often goes up for a flip wearing his stetson, jeans and cowboy boots. The boots and hats aren't merely for show; often the businessmen are retired or part-time ranchers. Even the city's leading industrialist, Joseph H. Yuill, who controls a linseed-oil plant, pottery, clay products factory, a restaurant, the only radio station and several smaller enterprises, keeps a ranch and talks as fluently of cows as of kilns.

Ranches around the Hat average from four thousand to twenty thousand acres but a few bigger spreads still exist. Three years ago, for instance, Mark Higdon, a big, amiable man in his late seventies, sold a hundred-and-eighty-five-thousand-acre ranch for a reported half million dollars.

Genuine old-time cattlemen are still around too, although their ranks are thinning. This summer the Hat held a unique "cowboy's farewell" for one of them, the late Joseph H. (Barney) Simpson. Barney, a wiry, pint-sized rancher, owned a twenty-thousand-acre spread at Wild Horse near the American border. At seventy-nine he still drove to town regularly for an evening with his cronies. When he died last July twenty friends on horseback and in full cowboy regalia escorted the bier from church to cemetery, led by Barney's horse with empty saddle and boots reversed in the stirrups.

Simpson was one of the last colorful pioneers but modern Medicine Hatters haven't lost the flair for stunts that might startle more conventional centres. In 1951 they perched Canada's first flagpole sitter on a high pole to publicize the stampede. This summer James E. Caldwell was conducting flying tests in a strange machine called an ornithopter. If Caldwell perfects his contraption, a small engine will lift it from the ground, then two sets of flapping wings will drive it along like a bird, without engine thrust.

Among Canada's several demonstrative mayors, Medicine Hat's Harry Veiner puts up a good show. Veiner, a forty-nine-year-old rancher and merchant, specializes in races. He has defeated most prairie mayors at foot races, tied a Lethbridge man in a pancake-eating contest and beaten a horse in a twenty-five-yard dash. Once in a cattle deal Veiner raced the dealer for an extra heifer and won. Last March he raced mayor Jim Creighton of Brandon on ice, wearing spiked boots. Veiner won when Creighton fell, injuring a shoulder.

Medicine Hatters have had a taste for shenanigans since the early days. Their town sprang up in 1883 when the railway arrived. That was the year a CPR gang drilling for water ignited a wet gas pocket and burned their derrick to the ground. The section house used gas heat for a while but nobody thought of exploiting the discovery further.

In the same decade the first bank opened. A cowhand named Bill Gurley opened an account and a few days later strolled in and announced, "I want some money." The teller, fresh from the east and wary of western badmen, took one look at the six-shooter dangling in Gurley's holster and called the police. The lawmen tiptoed in with drawn revolvers only to find the cowboy lounging peaceably against the wicket, chewing tobacco and wondering what in tarnation they'd done with his money.

Medicine Hat was proud of its growing season even in the Eighties. An

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apple tree on CPR property bore fruit one year but Medicine Hatters stole apple after apple. Divisional superintendent John Niblock jealously built a wire cage around two other trees, then went to Moose Jaw to meet CPR President Sir William Van Horne who was touring the line.

"We grow apples in Medicine Hat," said Niblock smugly.

"I don't believe it," said Sir William.

"I'll show you when we get there," promised Niblock.

Sir William promptly wired the Hat stationmaster to pick the fruit. When they reached town the enraged Niblock immediately offered a five-hundred-dollar reward for the thief but he withdrew the offer when Van Horne invited him to his private car for a fresh apple.

Sir William inadvertently launched the Hat's industry when in 1891 he loaned the city a drilling outfit to search for coal. Later excellent seams of lignite were found nearby but this time the drill struck only wet gas at six hundred feet. It wasn't practical for heating because it froze in the pipes in winter. Experts said dry gas might lie deeper and the city continued to investigate.

By 1904 the city had sunk a drill to one thousand feet, exhausting both its money and patience. But driller J. A. Grier, a part-time sheep rancher, was convinced that another hundred feet would produce dry gas. Mayor Thomas Hutchinson backed him and the poverty-stricken council reluctantly agreed. At one thousand and ten feet dry pure gas gushed up at five hundred and fifty pounds to the square inch. Medicine Hat switched from bankruptcy to boom overnight.

Later Rudyard Kipling visited the Hat and called it the "city that was born lucky and has all hell for a basement." Medicine Hat has diligently turned this into the most durable cliché in the west. Publicity brochures invariably lead off with Kipling's remark. Grateful Medicine Hat "blew" a gas well for Kipling, igniting a controlled flow of gas, then turning it on full blast and letting flame leap eighty feet in the air. This spectacular show used to be standard fare for visiting firemen until a provincial conservation board ruled that it wasted too much gas. The wells are still blown once a year to clean them out but they aren't lighted.

After 1904 the gas city flourished but the surrounding farm country didn't fare as well. The Hat district lies in a triangular drought-ridden area. The city itself lies between steep banks on the South Saskatchewan River bottom. Market gardeners can therefore irrigate handily but it is too expensive for farmers high on the surrounding plateau to draw water up to their farms.

So in the early days, many settlers abandoned their farms like the one who scrawled on his empty shack:

Seven miles to water
Fifteen miles to wood
You can have my desert homestead
I'm leaving it for good.

The periodic droughts led to the city's encounter in 1921 with Charles M. Hatfield, a celebrated rainmaker. Hatfield, a jovial two-hundred-and-sixty-pounder, was hired during a dry spell and feted at a sumptuous banquet in the Corona Hotel. Then he unpacked two wagon loads of equipment north of town and proceeded to coax rain from the heavens with trays of chemical fumes. The rain came in torrents and Hatfield began to receive telegrams from outlying centres saying, "Enough rain, stop for three days and take holiday."

But the hot dry winds soon returned. Hatfield's excuse was that the clouds were traveling too high for his fumes. He solemnly accepted fifty-five hundred dollars for the four and one-quarter inches of water that had fallen earlier, packed his wagons and quietly left town.

Lately the Hat has taken a more scientific approach to water. Two irrigation schemes are nearing the western outskirts of the city and will serve one hundred and fifty thousand acres in the Hat's trading district. Water will flow by gravity through irrigation ditches from the Bow River development northwest near Calgary and the St. Mary River dam southwest near Lethbridge. The Bow flows into the South Saskatchewan but the latter isn't directly involved in the irrigation plans. From the main ditches farmers will draw water to their land with lateral gravity ditches and sometimes pipes with sprinkler systems. Farther west, irrigated land is used for special crops like sugar beets but immediately around Medicine Hat the farmers will utilize the water mainly to grow feed crops which, in turn, will fatten sheep and cattle.

DUFFER'S PLEA

I'm as sporting as can be
A loser who's a grinner
But, please, dear Lord, just
once make me
The snide unsporting winner

James W. Fower

Still the Hat hasn't abandoned rainmakers. In 1951 Donald Johnstone was called in from Regina to throw his magnetic universcope in reverse to guarantee fair weather for the stampede. It was good fun and coincidentally the weather stayed dry.

Probably Medicine Hat will always dabble in stocks, rainmakers, horseplay and tall tales. It doesn't pretend to be a high-pressure industrial centre. It's still the sort of city where, most mornings around ten, Horace Mann, a local bank manager, Bill Hogle, editor of the daily News, C. R. Taylor, who manages a flour mill, and a handful of other businessmen or ranchers gather in the exclusive men's Cypress Club for coffee and gossip. If there's a stranger around somebody will probably remind him what Kipling said about Medicine Hat. Then ex-rancher Mack Higdon with his South Carolina drawl may tell his favorite yarn and the Hat's favorite yarn, about the two local sheep ranchers who years ago drove out during a blizzard to check on their herd.

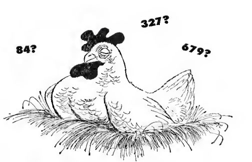
The sheep were fine but the herder was frozen stiff in a sitting position beside the embers of his campfire. The ranchers lifted the corpse into their wagon, drove back to the Hat and stopped for a drink. They took the dead sheepherder into the bar with them, propped his body in a chair, ordered three drinks, tossed off the extra one when the bartender wasn't looking and called for another round.

"Who's paying?" asked the bartender.

The ranchers pointed to the corpse.

"Then let's see your money, stranger," said the bartender, thumping the motionless figure on the shoulder. The body promptly tumbled to the floor. The ranchers felt its pulse and said reproachfully, "Now look what you done. You killed him!"

"Well, maybe so," countered the barkeep quickly. "But didn't you see the sonofabitch reach for his knife?" ★



How many products do we get from crude oil?

From eggs, a hen can expect just one product—chicks. But from crude oil, Imperial refines 679 different products, ranging from weed killers to heavy asphalts. And that is not all—crude oil also supplies petroleum gases and other raw materials for plastics and synthetic rubber.

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Oil supplies are vital in defence. The gasoline required to move one armoured division 100 miles would run your car for
10 years? *95 years?* *350 years?*

The average family car could be operated for 350 years on the gasoline needed to move an armoured division 100 miles.

The average weekly pay cheque of Canadians in 1939 would buy 84 gallons of gasoline. How many gallons will today's cheque buy
79? *135?* *93?*

Even though gasoline road taxes are higher in all provinces, today's average pay cheque will buy 135 gallons.

Scientists believe oil was formed from the remains of tiny sea creatures which lived millions of years ago. Would you say oil is found in
rock? *pools?* *swamps?*

Oil is usually found far underground in the tiny pores of rock such as limestone or sandstone. The word petroleum is derived from the Latin "petra" and "oleum"—rock oil.

How much will the oil industry spend each week this year to find and develop oil fields in western Canada
$2¾ millions? *$6 millions?* *$12 millions?*

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What It Takes To Be An Impresaria

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

not the full test of the impresario's craft. It has become a cliché to say that men of Koudriavtzeff's breed must coddle their artists like a mother hen with brood chicks, but this effectively describes the most delicate and time-consuming task which an impresario must face. To this challenge Nicholas Koudriavtzeff rises with courage, ingenuity and tact.

Adrienne Kontek, Koudriavtzeff's indefatigable little private secretary, says there's no limit to her boss' patience with the caprices of genuine artists.

At three o'clock one morning the telephone rang in Koudriavtzeff's Montreal apartment. The Polish pianist Witold Malcuzynski was calling from the United States border seventy miles south. The cruel Canadian customs men, he said, would not let his little dog enter Canada. The garrulous Canadian customs men, he said, kept talking at him but he could not understand a word they said. If the heartless Canadian customs men would not let his little dog pass then neither would he, Witold Malcuzynski, pass. Did Koudriavtzeff understand the significance of that?

Koudriavtzeff, who had sold out the hall for Malcuzynski's appearance, pulled a suit over his pyjamas and drove toward the frontier like a courier on desperate business for the Czar. Once there he perceived the cause of the impasse, aroused a vet at dawn, had the dog inoculated, and back in Montreal pacified the pianist's jangling nerves with a sumptuous champagne breakfast.

Does not Yehudi Menuhin demand an orange during the intermission? Yes. And Koudriavtzeff, who never allows anybody backstage but himself, delivers it personally and fondly watches as the violinist rocks away in deep artistic abstraction. Does not Artur Rubinstein the pianist demand a bowl of hot water in which to dip his hands before every performance? But of course. What's more, the water must be at a certain temperature. In Montreal only Koudriavtzeff can tell when it is just so, by dipping his elbow in it. So it is Koudriavtzeff who warms the water and takes it along to the dressing room and stands by with towel in readiness to dry those strong, priceless fingers.

Who was it hurried so anxiously round to Josef Hofmann's dressing room in a Quebec city when, after repeated reminders, the pianist forgot to play O Canada before God Save The Queen at the conclusion of his performance? Naturally it was Koudriavtzeff. And what was he to say to the irate citizens who waited outside the stage door for an explanation of this gross omission?

Koudriavtzeff emerged from Hofmann's presence with the air of a man who had been through a mystical experience. To protect Hofmann he uttered a little white lie. "The maestro," he said, "regarded the orchestration of O Canada that was handed to him as amateurish and unworthy of so great a hymn. Therefore he refused to play it." The critical citizens marveled that there could be such artistic fastidiousness in the world and went on their way rejoicing.

There was another time when Koudriavtzeff had to protect Hofmann. One day he knocked at the pianist's Toronto hotel room door at eleven thirty in the morning and reminded him he was already half an hour late for a press conference.

"Press conference be damned," muttered Hofmann. "At this time of the day I sleep. Tell them all to go to hell."

To the newsmen Koudriavtzeff said: "We are all to go to hell. Follow me." They went to a restaurant where he ordered flaming crêpes suzette. Next evening when another press conference had failed to materialize they all went happily to hell again and waited there in an amber glow until the maestro joined them at the end of his performance.

Whether any publicity resulted Koudriavtzeff neither knows nor cares. "I handle the kind of artists who do not need pushing," he says.

Koudriavtzeff likes to compare artists to performing animals. "After the show," he says, "they always must eat. At once. Otherwise they get very angry."

There was the time when Jascha Heifetz appeared to be dancing on hot coals in the corridor of the Windsor Hotel. A bell hop had moved from one room to another in Heifetz' suite the sixty thousand dollar Stradivarius violin which, as all the world surely knew, must never be touched by anyone but the maestro himself. Koudriavtzeff soothed his jangled nerves by treating him to a lingering lunch of chicken in aspic and cool Rhine wine.

In the winter of 1949 Jacques Thibaud, the French violinist later killed in an airliner crash, was traveling from Ottawa to Montreal and Koudriavtzeff, who has never yet allowed an artist to arrive ungreeted, was driving his little Studebaker out to Dorval to meet him.

A blinding snowstorm turned the aircraft back to Ottawa and so engulfed Koudriavtzeff's car that he had to seek refuge for the night in a farmhouse. Next morning he got his car rolling again and was on hand when Thibaud's plane made its belated landing.

"What a curse," stormed Thibaud, "being turned back last night."

"No, no! It was a blessing," said Koudriavtzeff.

"How do you mean?" said Thibaud.

"Because," said Koudriavtzeff, "I wouldn't have been there to meet you. And I couldn't have slept a wink all night."

The compliment alone was not enough to calm the violinist. But after Lobster Newburg and Chablis he was ready to play like an angel.

At meals Koudriavtzeff himself rarely speaks. He concentrates on mastication and little interrogatory backward jerks of the head to ensure that his guests are enjoying the food. Usually he receives in return a slow bowing of the head and an ecstatic closing of the eyes. He dislikes drunks but enjoys his wine and is not above ribbing teetotalers.

In 1949 he was sailing from New York to Southampton on the Nieuw Amsterdam. Also on board was Anton Dolin's London Festival Ballet. Each evening Nathalie Leslie Krassovska, one of the prima ballerinas and a keen and vivacious teetotaler, came up from the cabin class to join Koudriavtzeff and a group of friends in the first-class lounge.

When it came time to order drinks she always asked for ginger ale. Every night she was in the highest spirits and toward the end of the trip she trilled: "I don't know why it is but I always feel so wonderful in the company of Mister Nicholas."

When she got home to bed one of Koudriavtzeff's group asked him: "What is it you have got that we haven't?"

"Only the good sense," said Koudriavtzeff, "to warn the waiter that every time she asks for another ginger ale he is to bring her champagne."

Koudriavtzeff with his gourmet's tastes has a staunch champion in Mayor Camillien Houde, who believes that he is capable of placing Montreal's name for entertainment high above the night club class. Houde often throws parties out of his private hospitality funds for the companies the impresario brings in. "Given time that one could put this town on the same cultural footing as London, New York or Paris," the mayor was once overheard to remark at one of these gatherings.

Others have followed Houde's lead. Last September Koudriavtzeff organized a tour in Canada for the magnificent band of the Republican Guard of France. In Ottawa the French ambassador was their host. In Toronto the entire French colony welcomed them to cocktails and champagne. In Quebec [illegible] Antoine Rivard and Under Secretary Jean Bruchési [illegible] Premier Maurice Duplessis received the band with rich dignity at a lodge in the beautiful Laurentide Provincial Park just south of the Saguenay River.

Everywhere they went the bandsmen [illegible] cordiality that President Vincent Auriol of France sent Koudriavtzeff a personal cable thanking him for his services to Franco-Canadian accord.

Koudriavtzeff's private entertaining runs him into thousands of dollars a year.

"Hello" in Four Languages

When the band of the Republican Guard of France was on its way back from Rimouski to Montreal the buses stopped outside Koudriavtzeff's country home on the banks of the St. Lawrence and all seventy instrumentalists enjoyed catering done by Montreal's elegant 400 Club Restaurant.

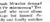
Koudriavtzeff has incorporated himself under the name of Canadian Concerts and Artists. His company occupies a suite of offices in the Castle Building on St. Catherine Street West in the restaurant, shopping and night club district of mid-town Montreal.

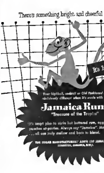
His own office is a richly carpeted and upholstered little den with walls covered by the signed pictures of artists he has handled. His thin white hair is usually in disarray when he works and his collar becomes undone in the frenzy of protracted telephone negotiations in three or four languages. He puts in calls to England, France and other continental European countries as casually as most people dial a local number.

Financing in Koudriavtzeff's business is a tricky affair which takes many different forms. During the recent visit of Sadler's Wells Ballet, for example, he took no risk at all. He merely arranged the Montreal appearance for a fixed fee for the American showman Sol Hurok with whom he has many ties.

Early this year when he headed for Paris to sign up the band of the Republican Guard he already had an agreement with Columbia Artists Management Inc. of New York that they would be responsible for the financing of the United States part of the tour.

The band made six appearances south of the border for every performance in Canada. Koudriavtzeff's share of the ocean passages therefore was one seventh. But he shouldered completely all the traveling expenses





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hotel bills, rents of theatres, advertising, decorations and other incidentals in Canada himself. His total stake in the venture was thirty thousand dollars.

"If we sell forty thousand dollars worth of tickets," he said, "we make ten thousand. If we sell only twenty thousand dollars worth of tickets we lose ten thousand. It's as simple as that."

When he loses money through an over-ambitious opera, orchestra or ballet importation he sometimes descends to the more lucrative middlebrow field in an effort to recoup himself. He was heavily in the red, for example, after promoting Louis Jouvet's Paris drama company. So he brought over that ageing idol of the Thirties, Maurice Chevalier, and got all his money back. He paid the singer's ocean passage and all expenses in Canada and split evenly with him the total box-office receipts. "That was one of my best deals," he says.

On other occasions when his bank balance got low he headed into Montreal popular arts like the Russian Don Platoff Cossack Choir, the French Les Compagnons de la Chanson and the Mexican singers of Luis Mariano.

Once he even presented Xavier Cugat's Latin American dance band. But not all these supposed certainties paid off.

When Koudriavtzeff took Her Majesty's Theatre in Montreal and staged a series of variety acts that were the rage of Paris he lost several thousand dollars. When he brought Lorraine (Parlez-Moi d'Amour) Buyer for a tour of Quebec after a triumphant season at Cafe Society in New York she was an artistic triumph but a financial flop.

Generally speaking his experience might indicate that Canada is a cultural desert where symphony losses can only be repaid by a bout of Xavier Cugat, but Koudriavtzeff is perennially optimistic about such things. Like his New York mentor Sol Hurok he feels sure that the tide of public taste is rising. Already he has ambitious plans for his 1955 season. His programs include a season in Canada of the Paris Grand Opera in a production entitled Les Indes Galantes. This show, which has been running for the past twelve months in Paris, calls for three hundred singers and dancers and is reckoned the biggest and most expensive artistic spectacle ever staged.

It represents a heavy gamble but money for its own sake has never meant much to Koudriavtzeff. Financially his career has progressed like a roller-coaster. Yesterday he was down. Today he is up. Tomorrow he may be down again. No matter. There glimmers under the high cheekbones and almond eyes of his Tartar face a slow feline smile which hints at infinite contentment with his lot. Speaking of his business he says, "I love this poison."

His wife, the former Tatiana Lipkovska, once a prima ballerina in the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo and a sister of the great Lydia Lipkovska who sang opera duets with Chaliapin and Caruso, sums up her husband's attitude thus:

"Nicholas is constitutionally incapable of understanding the meaning of economy. When he has money he is happy only if he is spending it in the grand manner. When he has no money, why then he is quite happy thinking up ways to make some."

Koudriavtzeff was born on the Russian Black Sea coast. His father was a general in the Czarist Army and his cousins were courtiers in the royal household.

After the Revolution he fled Russia and wandered around Asia and Europe as helplessly and aimlessly as thousands of other blue-blooded Russian refugees who had never learned to make their own living.

He knew what it was like to peddle olives in the gutters of Constantinople and to go without food for three days. He made a fair success of a book business in Berlin but was ruined by the inflation of the early Twenties. In Paris he scribbled theatrical gossip for a Russian-language weekly at fees which provided him with a garret on the Left Bank, a staple diet of cheese and coarse wine, and meat on Sundays only.

It was as a theatrical gossip writer that he met his future wife, who got him a job with the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo. They were married in 1936 in New York during a tour.

He quit the ballet to take a job with the French Government promoting a goodwill tour of La Comédie Française in the U.S. in the 1939-40 "phony war" period. Then came the fall of France, the tour was off and Koudriavtzeff suffered a nervous breakdown. Before he was well again he and his wife were down to a cup of coffee and a hamburger daily.

BACKWARD GLANCE

Lid of compact, to fair peerer,
Is not so much her face condition
As portable rear vision mirror
With which to check the competition.

Roy Bonds

It was Sol Hurok who advised him to go to Montreal, and since then he has had more ups than downs. He is well enough off financially to be able to maintain a country home and apartments in Montreal, Paris and New York. He spends at least three months every year in Europe and two days every week in New York. The apartments, he says, work out cheaper than hotel bills.

Usually in Montreal he takes business contacts out to lunch at the 400 Club, the Tour Eiffel, the Ritz Carlton or Au Lutin Qui Bouffe where he can be sure of genuine French cuisine and a fine cellar. As a rule he eats white meat because his favorite wine is German Alsatian or Lorraine hock. Sometimes he will drink a whole bottle himself. When he has no lunch date, however, he works from breakfast to dinner without eating.

Every week end Koudriavtzeff goes down to Mousik, his commercial flower farm at Lavaltrie on the St. Lawrence fifty miles east of Montreal, and on Saturday and Sunday morning gets up at dawn to plough with his tractor, to hoe or to cut blooms for dispatch to the city. His tulips and gladioli are famous. The Ritz Carlton, which is renowned for its flower arrangements, buys them from Koudriavtzeff.

The farm was named Mousik after a favorite cat of Koudriavtzeff's which died a couple of years ago at the age of sixteen. Mousik is a Russian term of endearment for a small boy. Every Sunday afternoon at Mousik Koudriavtzeff has at least a dozen guests to lunch.

There is nothing luxurious about the interior of the old farmhouse but it is pervaded by the singular personalities of its owners. It is odd to see among the commonplace Canadian store furniture a great tiger-skin rug, a Russian samovar, exotic ornaments from the Middle East, photographs of ballet dancers and a framed ostrich feather fan which Pavlova gave Tatiana just before she died in the middle Thirties.

At a built-in bar round a corner from the living room there is a more unusual collection of bottles than will be found in any other North American home: Ouzo from Greece, grappa from Italy, vodka from Poland and Turkey, slivovitz from Yugoslavia, schnapps from Germany, and all the famous French brands of aperitifs like Cinzano, Dubonnet, Byrrh, Amer Picon and Pernod.

Koudriavtzeff appears at Mousik in marked contrast to the majestic figure he cuts downtown. He wears an open-neck shirt, an ill-fitting pair of pants and ancient scuffed slippers.

There always comes a dramatic moment on these Sunday afternoons when the guests know that the cocktail hour is ended and the feasting is about to begin. Everybody has to help Koudriavtzeff move a table and pull back a carpet. Then they watch him unlock a strong padlock in the floor and lift a big trap door. For several minutes Koudriavtzeff disappears and nothing is heard but a faint subterranean clinking. Then he climbs out of the cellar, his arms laden with bottles of hock.

This excellent wine is used to wash down pate de foie gras, Polish hams, galantine of chicken, succulent green stuffs, tiny sweet Italian tomatoes, mushrooms, big fat Portuguese sardines, potatoes cooked four different ways, cheeses from Holland and Switzerland, vol au vent pastries, soufflés, compote of fruits, nuts and confectionery that ranges from French patisseries to Scottish biscuits. With the coffee come the liqueurs, in enormous profusion.

After lunch the guests file rosily into the garden or to a big barn near the house which has been fitted up with mirrors and an exercise bar for dancers. Here most Sunday afternoons a group of his wife's ballet school students come out to practice. The guests watch them rather as sportsmen watch the work-out of promising fillies and colts.

Tatiana Koudriavtzeff will murmur, "This boy might be good," or "That girl seems to have the flair," or "This group is fairly strong." But she never makes any grandiloquent claims for them. She has been running the school for five years and counts herself highly successful because in that time she has found one pupil good enough for the professional stage.

This was Andrée Millaire, daughter of a Montreal real-estate owner. For the past six months the girl has been dancing with Anton Dolin in the London Festival Ballet in England.

Adrienne Kertal, Koudriavtzeff's private secretary, is also usually around on Sundays in case her boss wishes her to make notes after supper for the following week's work. He sits in an armchair as he dictates in a mixture of French and English, invariably with one of his two cats curled on his lap and several of his seven collie dogs crouching at his heels. All his animals now are given musical names like Scherzo, Allegro, Andante, Forte and Pianissimo.

Mousik, the cat after whom the farm was named, had traveled all over the world with Koudriavtzeff. Tatiana Koudriavtzeff used to smuggle him into hotels under her coat. During the last hours of Mousik's life Koudriavtzeff sat up with him until five in the morning.

"Mousik," he recalls, "was a Russian cat, meaning he responded to Russian words. One of his present cats understands English and the other French.

"I once had another English cat," he says sadly. "I got him out of a piano shop. He was a lovely ginger cat. His name was Tuffy."

Tatiana's recollection of Tuffy's acquisition is less simple. Her husband went into a Montreal store to buy a piano, she recalls. The moment he opened the door he saw Tuffy. At once he put all thoughts of the piano out of his mind and his first words to the storekeeper were negotiations for buying the cat. The storekeeper was astonished and pained. He said coldly he did not wish to sell.

A long argument ensued and finally reached a heated point at which Koudriavtzeff said, "Very well. I will not buy a piano." This was the first the storekeeper had heard about the possible purchase of a piano. He changed his tune immediately and offered to throw in Tuffy free with any instrument in the store. Whereupon Koudriavtzeff got around to choosing a Steinway.

Koudriavtzeff's future plans are, as usual, occupying most of his energies. Next year he will bring to Canada La Comédie Française, the renowned French national theatre whose plans to tour North America in 1940 came to such a sudden end. They will present dramas by Molière, Racine and Musset at Montreal, Quebec City, Ottawa and New York. It is the first time in seventy-four years that the group has played outside France.

But Koudriavtzeff's espousal of the Paris grand opera in 1955 will be the greatest financial gamble of his career. To bring three hundred artists across the Atlantic, pay their fees and expenses and convert Montreal's Forum into a theatre will run into half a million dollars.

Koudriavtzeff dismisses all this with an airy wave of the hand. After all, that's the only way to be an impresario. ★

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GIVE THE GIRLS A BREAK

Oh, come on now fellows, doesn't anybody love you at all, at all?

Every time I read one of your routine derogatory to women stories or articles I think "Well maybe now they've got it off their chests and they'll go home and make up with their wives and everything will be all right."

But no, comes another edition and along with it another insult to women in general. "Women Are Lousy Shoppers" says Sidney Margolius. "Women Have No Sense of Humor," says another frustrated Maclean's male. Women are downright homicidal because they won't breastfeed their babies—or words to that effect—came in another edition. A fiction story in Maclean's (Give the Bride A Kiss, George) is about an idealistic soldier who generously gives his name to the illegitimate child of an impossible horror of a woman.

I could pick that "Lousy Shoppers" story to pieces bit by bit. A housewife and mother doesn't shop as well as a professional comparison shopper for the same reason she doesn't cook like Oscar of the Waldorf while making clothes like Dior, entertaining like Elsa Maxwell and laundering shirts like Lee Wong, all at the same time as she is making love like Mata Hari, handling the children and neighbors like a trained psychologist—and doing all the rest of her thousand and one jobs with all the skill and patience of a thousand and one professionals. She just plain has to spread her talents too thin.

All this boils down to the conclusion that women in general do their best and, since in most cases this is pretty darned good, you are being rather petty and pouty to label us all poor grade.
—Mrs. Florence Weekes, London, Ont.

Thought It Was Us

I enjoyed Robert Thomas Allen's article A Farmer's Best Friend Is His Pig (Sept. 15) and the accompanying pictures, which at first glance, I thought was your editorial staff!
—Joke Gillman, Victoria, B.C.

- I always thrill to read what's writ
By Robert Thomas Allen
And to my mind he sure has IT
With humor by the gallon.
In "Farmer's Friend" pigs sure is pigs,
I chuckled when I read it
And those who give him dirty digs
Must hate life, even dread it.
Long may you wave, R. Thomas A.
With stories so amusing
You cheer us as we go one way
And make things less confusing.
—H. D. Hulbert, Burlington, Ont.

- Allen surely can't think a pig farmer could make money with a sow "having two families every three years," as he says. I never saw any profit in it unless I could get two "families" a year from them and in eighty-two years of farm life never saw anyone else do it either.
—A. R. Smith, Cranbrook, B.C.

Pigs officially average two litters a year.

JASPER **By Simpkins**

In the Operating Room

There has been a great deal of interest and favorable comment about June Callwood's article describing a day in the operating rooms of the Hospital for Sick Children (July 15). I think the more we can tell the public about what goes on inside our hospitals the better, and your intimate story of this busy department will be of interest and comfort to parents across the land.
—J. Grant Glassco, chairman, Board of Trustees, Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto.

Bev Baxter and Ben Britten

Beverley Baxter's attack on Benjamin Britten's Coronation opera, Gloriana (Sept. 1) angered me until I realized he had done a real service to the cause of contemporary music. Those of us who enjoy Britten's music will remain unaltered. To the rest, the rather sensational descriptions—"blasting descant," "hammers striking steel rails," "boiler factory"—should arouse them to sample some of Britten's recorded music.

Baxter refers to Billy Budd as Britten's third opera. It is, I believe, his sixth published opera.—Alex J. Burr, London, Ont.

- It is surprising the musicians playing the Gloriana did not refuse to play such discordant rubbish, or have they too become accustomed to playing all the horrible junk that is written these days?—Reg. F. Smart, Paynton, Sask.

- Orchids to Britten for presenting the flute to a bunch of ostriches.—Mrs. R. J. Cameron, Antigonish, N.S.

- We didn't think old B. B. had it in him. We are full of the highest praise.—Charles Schoenjahn, New Liskeard, Ont.

- Baxter as a music critic may be without peer and, as such, he has a perfect right to criticize Gloriana, but his unbridled attack on Mr. Britten's person smacks of a "Lady Bracknell" at her very worst!—Norman P. Dahl, Ottawa.

They Give Us Credit

On behalf of the members of the Starbuck Credit Union may we express our appreciation for your recent article How To Be Your Own Banker (Sept. 15). It was interesting and informative. In 1940 we started with assets of $205 and today we have a capital of $200,000 with four hundred and twenty-five members.—Thomas Wishart, Starbuck, Man.

Margaret's Choice

McKenzie Porter's clever article (The Man of Margaret's Choice, Sept. 15) is not quite clever enough. The Church of England's objection to the re-marriage of divorced persons is in no way a "hangover" from the Puritan influence of the XVI century but dates back to the teaching of the Founder of

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ashes and mysteries

The medieval game of cricket, which is somewhat gentler than hockey or football, is full of mysteries for the uninitiated. And perhaps cricket's greatest mystery is "The Ashes", for which England and Australia compete each year. The Ashes grew out of a match played 70 odd years ago at the Kennington Oval. With 6 wickets in hand, and needing only 20 runs to win, England scored only 14 runs. Next day this epitaph appeared in a sporting paper:

> *In affectionate remembrance of English cricket, which died at the Oval on 29th August, 1882. Deeply lamented by a large circle of sorrowing friends and acquaintances. R I P. (N B. The body will be cremated and the ashes taken to Australia.)*

Next year the English cricketers were asked to "bring back the ashes" so the Aussies solemnly presented them with an ash-filled urn. It stands today in the "long room" of the Marylebone Cricket Club.

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Christianity Himself —Mrs Jesse C. Payne, Sidney, R. R. 1, Vancouver Island

● A regrettable step toward yellow journalism —G M Haliburton, Avonport, N.S.

● I think this is well written and presents the whole story in simple straightforward language —Mrs C E Jenks, Brighton, Ont

When Jasper Was Fitzhugh

Alan Phillips article, Jasper Belongs to the Bears (Sept 1) recalls the day when the Grand Trunk Pacific was being laid through that country. As a lad of eighteen I was employed on a gang erecting stations where there were no towns or passengers. It also brings to mind that when the first station was being built in today's millionaires' playground it was not called Jasper but Fitzhugh —William Everett, Vancouver

● Alan Phillips doesn't appear to be familiar with the area. When I was at Athabaska Falls recently and according to the map Mt Kerkeslin was on the east side of the Athabaska but your photograph shows it on the west side —A M Grant, London

Kerkeslin hasn't moved. Our photo was "reversed."

Bonnie King Charlie?

Referring to A. D. Allin's letter (Mailbag Sept 15) How stupid can you get?

What does it matter if or when Prince Charles succeeds the Queen what his name is? Our Queen I hope is not going to follow the first Queen Elizabeth's example and start beheading her cousins!

As for referring to him as King Charles III of England, I beg to inform him or her that he will be King Charles III of Britain, not just England —Mrs. Helen M Feher

Can Tripe Be Talented?

I am puzzled to understand why you publish such awful tripe as that contained in your fiction section —A G Smith, Toronto

● Our compliments to James McNamee an obviously very talented and original writer for his enjoyable story, Give the Bride a Kiss, George (Sept 15) —Mr and Mrs. C. J New, Fort Garry, Man.

● All fiction in this issue (Aug 1) cheap junk —C D Buck, Dorchester, N B

● Please give us no more such perfectly horrible stories like The Silent Star of Stratford (Aug 15). I was hoping Canadian magazines were recovering from that rather adolescent phase of dishing out horrors simply to demonstrate how cynical and 'up to date' they were —M Richardson, Kingston, Ont

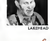
● Why print such pointless plotless stories? The two in Aug 15 number take the cake —Mrs N B Johnston, Cobble Hill, B C

● Just a word of appreciation to you and to Michael Sheldon for his short story with its formidable title, The Two Millionth Customer of the Bank of Lower Canada (Sept 1). At first glance you feel that it is a serious banking article and then in no time you are carried along by the story. It's a real story too, plenty of tension and quiet fun blended —M A McPhail, Montreal ★

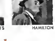
VICTORIA

QUEBEC CITY

CALGARY


LAKEHEAD

ST. JOHN'S


HAMILTON

AGAIN The Face of Canada by Yousuf Karsh

STARTING in the November 15 Issue Maclean's presents another memorable series of photo stories of Canadian cities seen through the eyes and lens of one of the world's great photographers Yousuf Karsh. During the next three months this Maclean's series will present exclusive Karsh portraits in both black and white and natural color of the well known and little known personalities and views of Victoria, Quebec City, Calgary, Fort William, Port Arthur, St. John's, our newest Canadian city, and Hamilton

KARSH BY KARSH

SEE VICTORIA BY KARSH in the November 15 Maclean's. See this city as only Karsh could photograph it. Victoria the city with the Olde Englishe atmosphere, built on a peninsula and surrounded on three sides by retired rear admirals and a limpid ocean. Don't miss the 8 pages of magnificent portraits of Victoria in the November 15 issue on sale November 4th. Reserve your copy now with your favorite newsdealer. See what Karsh saw in Victoria and see if you agree with Karsh!

Beginning in Nov. 15 MACLEAN'S On Sale Nov. 4

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

A Maclean Hunter Publication

Backstage at Ottawa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

total number of Coronation Medals for Canada is kept secret but it is no secret that the number of nominations exceeded the number of medals by seventy nine.

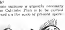
This intelligence reached the Cabinet in the middle of the election campaign. There were not many ministers around Ottawa at that time anyway but those who were could see that this was no time to start pruning the list. By common consent, nothing was done.

In September when Secretary of State Jack Pickersgill got back from his post-election trip to Newfoundland he took a hard look at this infant which had been left on his doorstep and found the situation wasn't as bad as he'd feared. The total of names did exceed the total of medals all right but the list of names had never been closely examined. It turned out to be full of duplications, same man nominated by more than one organization, and when these were weeded out there were enough medals to go round and even a few over.

HON JAMES Sinclair, Minister of Fisheries, is now in New Delhi heading Canada's delegation to the annual meeting of the Colombo Plan. When he gets back to Ottawa he will probably have a question to put to his Cabinet colleagues.

Will Canada increase its contribution of twenty five millions a year to the Colombo Plan? If so, by how much?

Some increase is urgently necessary if the Colombo Plan is to be carried forward on the scale of present operations. But politicians might find it easier to vote the money if more Canadian voters could remember what the Colombo Plan is.



Not long ago one private agency of information and public enlightenment wrote to Ottawa for a report on what had been accomplished by the Plan "in Colombia," and asked whether it would be extended to other parts of South America.

Colombo in fact is the capital of Ceylon and the Colombo Plan is so called because it was conceived at a Commonwealth Conference there in 1950. It's a plan for the capital development of underdeveloped countries in Southeast Asia. All told it contemplates the investment of five billion dollars in a period of six years. Two billions were to be supplied by the Asian countries themselves, and three billions, or an average of five hundred million dollars a year, were to be provided as direct assistance from abroad.

The Plan has never been implemented in full because it was admitted from the start that the Commonwealth alone could not put up five hundred millions a year. No name was mentioned for the absent guest at the Colombo table but it was obviously the United States. The United States has given several hundred million dollars in aid to Asia under various headings but has never formally joined the Colombo Plan nor is it likely to. The Commonwealth has gone ahead on its own on a smaller scale.

Informally and perhaps indiscreetly, Canada told India and Pakistan they would get fifteen millions and ten millions, respectively, from Ottawa each year. Sure enough when the money was voted it was twenty five millions—but everybody had forgotten about Ceylon and Burma, also members of the Plan.

Ceylon didn't put in any projects for Canada in the first year of the Plan, so India and Pakistan got their fifteen and ten millions in full. But the second year Ceylon got a million and a half and this year is getting a million and three quarters, out of the same total donation of twenty five millions. In effect Ceylon's share is coming out of what we originally promised India and Pakistan. Burma hasn't come in at all yet.

Meanwhile the projects already in hand for India and Pakistan, far from shrinking, are growing. As often happens with schemes so big and so varied there have been unforeseen difficulties.

In Pakistan, for example, Canada is building a cement plant in the Thal area of the Punjab. Nothing that size had ever been built there before and nobody knew of any reason why they shouldn't just go ahead and pour the foundations. But at the last minute Canada decided to double check and asked a European firm of engineers to test the soil. It turned out to be pitted with subterranean cavities which would have caused the plant to collapse when it went into operation. That trouble has now been fixed but the result is that the cost will be much greater.

At the same time new projects are coming up for which Canada is well qualified and Canada is taking them on. The latest is a hydro-electric job on the Northwest Frontier of Pakistan, nineteen miles from Peshawar. Pakistan has done an amazing job at pacifying and settling the bandit tribesmen of the northwest, but if they are no longer to live by raiding and pillage they must have something else to do. The Warsak Dam, not far from the Khyber Pass, will provide water for irrigation and power for small industries. It will take three and a half million Canadian dollars, an allocation already approved by the Cabinet.

Ceylon has a dry belt, now virtually desert, which once was fertile farm land. Eight centuries ago a progressive king of Ceylon built basins to catch the rainfall which now rushes into the sea and used it to irrigate the dry soil. Modern engineers are astounded at the placement of these basins—they say if the job were being started today they'd put their dams at exactly the same places, but they don't know how a twelfth century Ceylonese did such accurate calculation. The Food and Agriculture Organization of United Nations has already begun a project to clear the jungle from these eight hundred year old basins and rebuild the dams as they can be put into use.

Besides the twenty five millions a year in capital aid Canada also provides four hundred thousand for technical assistance. In the past three years this program has brought about three hundred students from India, Pakistan, Ceylon and a number of other countries to Canadian universities and industries. It has also sent technical experts from Canada to advise on problems abroad.

At the outset Canada's technical assistance didn't attract much notice in Asia. Indian and Pakistani engineers had been trained in Britain, dealt with British companies and universities and probably had doubts (which they were too polite to express) that Canada could teach them anything useful.

As time went on, though, and students came and returned, the Asians found (a) they didn't freeze to death in this sub-Arctic country and (b) they could learn various useful things. An average of more than a hundred a

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you are coming to Canada now.

Not all the scholarships are a success. Some of the students like Canada too well. "We never had it so good; how do we arrange to stay here?" Others, including some of the best, are first amazed and then embittered at the wealth and the casual waste in this country. They see food thrown away that would feed an Indian family for a week and it fills them with revulsion.

But most of the students, not only college boys but experienced men of affairs who come to study Canadian methods, are earnest, industrious men who do what they came to do with unassuming ability and go home with enormous bundles of notes. They're taking back a good report of Canada, with the result that more and more applications are coming in.

Not all can be filled. There is a ceiling on the number of students Canadian universities and Canadian factories can accommodate and it is not much higher than the number coming now. If the annual four hundred thousand dollars were raised, say, to six hundred thousand, that would be as much as the technical assistance program could profitably spend.

On the capital side there is no limit to the amount Asia could use if Canada could provide it and there have been many to urge that Canada should provide more. John Diefenbaker for the Progressive Conservatives and many spokesmen of the CCF have called on the Government to give fifty millions a year instead of twenty-five. Last month the Canadian Congress of Labor passed a resolution raising the ante to a hundred millions.

Men closer to the task are more modest in their suggestions. If Canada wants to double the scale of her program, that's fine. But if she wants to continue the program pretty much on the scale it has assumed then they think she could do with an appropriation of about thirty-five millions a year.

How likely is it that the Canadian share will be increased? Opinions vary. All parties and most leading spokesmen approve the Colombo Plan and pay lip service at least to the idea of increasing its scope. At the same time all parties know that a considerable hostility exists in Canada to foreign aid of any kind. "Why should they give millions to India when they can't put a new Post Office in Jonesville Junction?" is an attitude more widespread than speeches of leading politicians would indicate.

And so there, in some MPs and ministers genuinely sympathetic with the aims and objectives of Colombo, who advocate letting well enough alone. Twenty-five millions, an accepted figure, will get through parliament without debate. Any increase, however trivial, might start trouble either in the House or in caucus. Others, more sanguine, say the public won't notice anyway. Only a few seem to retain confidence in the Canadian voter's ability to see the point of the Colombo Plan and to appreciate its value in the political offensive of freedom against Communism.

Nik Cavell, director of Canada's share in the Colombo Plan, put it this way in a recent speech to the Canadian Exporters' Association:

"In Asia two great nations, India and China, are developing side by side. Both have drawn up plans for the future. Both have the same problems. India is attempting to develop and fulfill her plan on democratic and constitutional lines. China is following the ruthless Russian pattern. The rest of Asia is watching.

"We must remember that this is one phase of our own fight for freedom and give all the help we can." ★

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IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

What Would We Do Without Bax?

WE SOMETIMES wonder how we'd fill our Mailbag column if it wasn't for our Mr. Baxter. "I could twist his neck," a woman writes us from Alberta. "He belongs in the time of buttoned boots," a Torontonian cries. "His pen is magic," says a woman in Stoneleigh. "We need more men like him," writes a man from Windsor. We call all this to mind because Mr. Baxter (whose friends call him "Bax") has recently been with us on a Canadian Club tour, nattily dressed in grey pin-striped trousers, healthily tanned to the dome of his bald pate, and laying them in the aisles from Victoria to Saint John. The president of the Toronto Women's Canadian Club put it neatly when she said, "Some of us were unable to attend the Coronation in June. Now we've done the next best thing — we've heard Beverley Baxter."

Mr. Baxter's history is well known to our readers, but we feel sure he would be the first to agree that it bears repeating. With this in mind, we've culled a few high spots from a career which can only be described as "checkered."

ITEM: Baxter started as a musician. He was an alto soloist and a piano salesman in Toronto. He took part in a ship's concert on a troopship in 1919. An acquaintance, Lord Beaverbrook, sent him this note: "I have heard you sing. More than ever I advise you to take up journalism."

ITEM: Baxter cabled Beaverbrook: "May I report for duty?" Back came the answer: "Come at your own risk." Baxter came, was hired, was fired two days later.

ITEM: He was rehired. "How are you getting on?" the Beaver said to him one day. "Terribly!" said Baxter, and continued on so fluently that Beaverbrook promoted him.

ITEM: He attended a performance of Madama Butterfly and told the manager of the opera company that the tenor was singing flat. "I suppose you could do better," sneered the manager. "Certainly," replied Baxter. A week later he was onstage singing the role of Pinkerton.

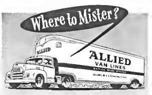
ITEM: He rose to be editor-in-chief of Beaverbrook's Daily Express and raised its circulation to 1,700,000. His departure in 1933 made such news that cartoonists in rival papers drew comments about it. His new public-relations job with Gaumont-British Picture Corp. was reported to pay him a staggering fifty thousand dollars a year.

Strube of the Mail drew this comment as Baxter left the Express.

ITEM: He was elected to parliament in 1935 and began writing for Maclean's. When he wrote Why Edward Quit, after the Abdication, the article sold the magazine out and bootleg copies were sold at a dollar.

Need one go on? We have every confidence that he will continue to provide lively fodder for Mailbag.

As a young man Baxter (left) sold pianos in Toronto. In later years (right) one wit remarked that he "played Lord Beaverbrook as he once played the piano."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A PARSON in northern Ontario had heard a lot of old wives' tales about behavior under anaesthetic and when he entered hospital for an operation he was afraid he might unconsciously use profanity. His first question when he came to was: "Did I use bad language?"

A friend replied that he had not. Quite the reverse. As the anaesthetic began to wear off, the minister had recited the whole of the Twenty-third Psalm, then he sang, in a loud clear voice, How Much Is That Doggie In The Window?

• • •

At a Montreal race meeting not long ago a young man couldn't find a seat beside his wife and sister-in-law so he sat in the row behind them, next to an attractive girl. They sat for some time watching the horses and they tried to identify them one by one. Presently the man tapped his wife on the shoulder and said, "And Mary, this is Quinella." Mary turned her head, nodded pleasantly to the girl beside her husband, and said, "I'm so pleased to meet you."

• • •

A tourist resort near Summerland, B.C., has equipped the bathrooms with towels marked His and Hers and painted the same legend on the two pale green outhouses.

• • •

A Quebec bush pilot, on a visit to town, had a hard time throttling his car down to ground-level speeds. When he hit eighty in a forty-mph zone he was flagged down by a cruising traffic car.

OKAY, SO YOU'RE FINISHED FOR HEDGE HOPPIN

The policeman snarled, "Okay, buddy, where's your pilot's license?" And when the pilot calmly drew it out of his wallet and flashed it the policeman didn't have another word to say.

• • •

At Camrose, Alta., a factory worker always used to come to work an hour ahead of time, stretch out on his bench and leisurely read a magazine until the starting whistle blew. When his pals asked him to explain he said, "I like loafing at work, but I'm so busy during the day I don't get a chance, so I put in my loafing early."

A Toronto executive and his family fell in love with Vancouver during a vacation and decided to move there. To do it he had to change his job.

After a few weeks he found one he liked in Vancouver even though the salary was slightly lower. He resigned in Toronto, sold his house and transferred his family to the west coast.

He had not been in his new job a week before the boss sent for him and told him he was being transferred to the company's head office in Toronto.

• • •

The Stratford General Hospital treated one of its most unusual emergency cases just before Labor Day. A man was chopping his winter wood supply when a bee lit on the back of his neck. With scarcely a second thought he swatted at the bee but forgot he was using the hand that held his hatchet. The bee got away.

NOW NOW DON'T LOSE YOUR HEAD!

• • •

A leader at a Watrous, Sask., boys' camp kept a wary eye out for signs of homesickness in the first days of the summer. He detected it in one or two older boys but was much heartened by one small boy whose liveliness was contagious. "You certainly don't seem to be homesick," he said.

"I'll say I'm not," replied the boy. "Home is sick of me—that's why I'm here."

• • •

A cherry grower near Kootenay Lake, B.C., notified the packing company that he had ten crates of cherries to be picked up and that he would leave them ready on his front porch. The pick-up arrived at the house, and there were the ten crates plus a cardboard sign reading: Ten More Crates on Back Porch Too.

With great difficulty the driver maneuvered his truck around the narrow lane up to the back porch, to find only another sign: Never Mind, I Didn't Have Them Ready.

Parade pays $5 to $10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

HELP!

This [illegible] and his family were rolling along on a Sunday drive. The road was narrow and heavily traveled but he knew every turn and grade and blind spot. Even so that didn't help when a car shot suddenly out to pass. To avoid a head-on smash, he swung sharply right. He didn't quite make it!

Who was at fault? The other driver—*and the road!* Long ago it had been an Indian trail. Then farmers' carts and stagecoaches had followed its winding ways. Then came the Stanleys and the Model T's. Until several years ago it had been adequate enough. But now swarming with modern high-speed [illegible] passes when it doesn't [illegible] limbs and bloody corpses. [illegible] statistics, this represents [illegible] many million dollars [illegible] estimate its cost in [illegible].

This man and his friend [illegible] for help was answered [illegible].

[illegible] the town. And [illegible] authorities [illegible] the plans [illegible].

It takes good [illegible] to make [illegible] to help [illegible] community.

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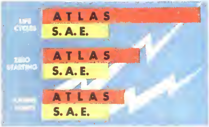

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